
विदेह पेटार [४२१-५२१]
४२१ ४२२ ४२३ ४२४ ४२५ ...५२१
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विदेह ४३१





विदेह मैथिली साहित्य आन्दोलन: मानुषीमिह संस्कृताम्



सम्पादक: गजेन्द्र ठाकुर।

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ई मैथिलीक पहिल इंटरनेट पत्रिका थिक जकर नाम बादमे १ जनवरी २००८ सँ 'विदेह' पड़लै। इंटरनेटपर मैथिलीक प्रथम उपस्थितिक यात्रा विदेह- प्रथम मैथिली पाक्षिक ई पत्रिका धरि पहुँचल अछि, जे http://www.videha.co.in/ पर ई प्रकाशित होइत अछि। आब "भालसरिक गाछ" जालवृत्त 'विदेह' ई-पत्रिकाक प्रवक्ताक संग मैथिली भाषाक जालवृत्तक एग्रीगेटरक रूपमे प्रयुक्त भऽ रहल अछि।

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 समानान्तर परम्पराक विद्यापति- चित्र विदेह सम्मानसँ सम्मानित श्री पनकलाल मण्डल द्वारा।

मैथिली भाषा जगज्जननी सीतायाः भाषा आसीत्। हनुमन्तः उक्तवान- मानुषीमिह संस्कृताम्।

अनुक्रम

विदेह ४३१ म अंक ०१ दिसम्बर २०२५ (वर्ष १८ मास २१६ अंक ४३१)

ऐ अंकमे अछि:-

Maithili Literature in English Translation



१.१.अंक ४३० पर टिप्पणी

ग्रुप कॅप्टन (डॉ) वी एन झा

आदरणीय गजेंद्र ठाकुर जी !
१. विदेह सम्पादन में बहुतों साल सँ अपनेक अति सराहनीय योगदान अछि आ हम लोकनि अनेकों राज्य में मैथिली के ननधा रस-स्वाद चाखि रहल छी, ओहि लेल समग्र मैथिल समाज सँ अपने कैँ शत-शत नमन ।
२. हम तँ बेशी लेख नैं पठौनें छी मुदा ई देखि रहल छी जे अधिकाँश लेख में फॉर्मेटिंग में त्रुटि भ रहल अछि । Word Format में जतेक लेख पठौनें छी सब में paragraph व line spacing रहै जे छापै में टूटि जेल अछि । सभु subtitle bold में रहए जे छापए में नहिं आएल अछि । यहाँ तक कि फोटो सेहो बदलि गेल आ ओकरा संग छोट परिचय, जे लेख के अंत में चलि गेल आ ओकरो फॉर्मेटिंग बिगड़ि गेल अछि । पत्रिका में सभु लेख के formatting में यदि समानता राखल जाए तँ बेहतर स्तर रहत ।
३. हमर मंतव्य एक सुझाव मात्र थीक जाहि सँ विदेह संस्करण आकर्षक देखाइत ।

सप्रेम नमस्कार
-Gp Capt (Dr) V N Jha,Bangalore

अपन मंतव्य editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in पर पठाउ।

गद्य

२.१.कल्पना झा-मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18

कल्पना झा- मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18



कल्पना झा

(उपेन्द्रनाथ झा 'व्यास' साहित्य अध्येता, आलोचक एवं कथाकार)

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18

मैथिली महाभारतक रचयिता 'व्यास' जी

किछु लोक 'व्यास' जी रचित मैथिली महाभारत कैँ अनुवादेक रूप मे देखैत छथि। मुदा वास्तविकता की अछि से हुनकहि शब्द मे देखल जाए-

"हम महाभारतक अनुवाद नहि कएल अछि। मूल महाभारत (गीता प्रेस) कैँ आगाँ राखि, ओकर यथासंभव सभ मुख्य बात कैँ ध्यान रखैत, अपना हिसाबेँ सरिअबैत लिखैत गेलहुँ। हमरा विश्वास अछि, हमरा बुतें जे ई काज भेल से 'विष्णु-रूप व्यास'क कृपा सँ - ओएह जेना प्रेरित करैत होथि। तुलसीदास जेना लिखने छथि- 'तस कहिहहुँ हिय हरि के प्रेरे। लिखैत काल प्रवाह मे जे छन्द जेना आएल गेल तेना लिखैत गेलहुँ। मैथिली मे 'ए', 'ओ' एक मात्रिक एवं द्विमात्रिक दुनू होइत छैक। तदनुसार मैथिली शब्द सभ आबि गेलैक अछि। प्रेस कॉपी तैयार करैत काल आ मुद्रण करैत काल सेहो ई ध्यान राखल गेल जे जतए छन्द बदलैक, ततए किछु स्थान छोड़ि आगाँ बढ़ी। (संभवतः कतहु छुटिओ गेल हो) विज्ञ पाठक पढ़ैत काल छन्द पकड़ि लेताह, से विश्वास अछि। साधारणतः पूर्वक चौपाइ वा आनो भाषा छन्द रचना सभ मे प्रत्येक पाँती मे प्रायः पूर्ण अर्थ देबाक चेष्टा कएल जाइत छल। एहि मे ओहि रूपक बाध्यता नहि राखल गेल अछि, भाव आ प्रवाह कैँ ध्यान मे राखि कए।"

'व्यास' जीक उक्त वक्तव्य सँ स्पष्ट अछि जे मैथिली महाभारत अनुवाद नहि अछि। वस्तुतः ई 'व्यास' जीक मौलिक कृति छनि। दू भाग मे लिखल गेल मैथिली महाभारतक पहिल भाग अछि 'आदि पर्व' आ दोसर भाग अछि, 'सभा पर्व; वन पर्व' महाभारतक रचना क' वस्तुतः अपन नामक सार्थकता सिद्ध कएने छथि 'व्यास' जी। एहि प्रसंगक चर्चा अपन लिखल "दू शब्द"क शुरुआते मे कएने छथि 'व्यास' जी। एक दिन गप्पक प्रसंग मे खरड़ख के श्री दयानाथ झा हँसैत कहने छलथिन, "हम अहाँ कैँ 'व्यास' तखन बूझब जखन

अहाँ 'महाभारत' लिखब।" से सुनकर बात 'व्यास' जीक मोन मे बैसि गेलनि जेना। आ ओ अपन नामक सार्थकता सिद्ध क' क' रहलाह।

'व्यास' जी रचित महाभारतक दुनू भाग अनुवाद तँ नहिए अछि, एकरा भावानुवादो नहि कहल जा सकैछ। ओ गीता प्रेस सँ प्रकाशित महाभारतक अध्ययन करैत रहलाह आ ओकर भाव ग्रहण कए अपन भाषा मे किछु नवीनता, किछु विशिष्टताक संग रचना प्रारम्भ कएलनि। जेना रामायण कइअक गोटे लिखलनि आ सभ रामायण मूले कहबैत अछि। जखन कि आदि काव्य तँ श्रीमद्वाल्मीकि रामायण अछि। तथापि बादक लिखल सभ रामायण मूले कहबैत अछि, चाहे ओ तुलसीदास कृत श्रीरामचरितमानस होअए कि अद्भुत रामायण, आ कि कम्ब रामायण। मिथिलाभाषा रामायण होअए कि रमेश्वरचरित मिथिला रामायण। तहिना सभ महाभारत मूले कहल जाएत। चाहे ईशनाथ झा कृत होअए कि उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' कृत आ कि बुद्धिनाथ झा कृत ॐ महाभारत होअए। एहि मैथिली महाभारत मे 'व्यास' जी महाकाव्यक अनुरूपेँ अनेक छन्दक प्रयोग कएलनि अछि। ठाम-ठाम पर पाठक कैँ अति-आकर्षक दोहा सभ भेटतनि पढ़बा लेल। तहिना रूपक आ अलंकार युक्त दोहा सेहो अभरतनि पाठक कैँ। माने पढ़ि क' आनन्द आबि जेतनि, से निश्चित बात!

'व्यास' जीक अधिकतर मूल पोथी, जेना उपन्यास, कथा-संग्रह, कविता-संग्रह, खण्ड-काव्य, सभटा पातर-पातर पोथी सभ छनि। माने सए सँ कम पृष्ठक। मुदा महाभारतक दुनू भाग

लगभग **270-270** पृष्ठक छनि। पहिल भाग, 'आदि पर्व' कैँ दू पृष्ठक "दू शब्द"क अतिरिक्त **269** पृष्ठ मे समेटल गेल अछि। दोसर भाग लेल 'सभा पर्व' लिखलनि। 'आदि पर्व'क अपेक्षा 'सभा पर्व' बहुत छोट बुझना गेलनि। तैँ इच्छा भेलनि जे दोसर भाग मे 'वन पर्व'क ओतेक अंश द' देल जाए, जाहि सँ पुस्तक रूप मे 'आदि पर्व'क पुस्तक जकाँ, माने ओतबे मोटगर पोथी भ' जाए। आ सएह भेलनि अंततः। महाभारतक दुनू भाग लगभग समान आकार-प्रकारक पोथी अछि। दोसर भाग मे 'सभा पर्व' आ 'वन पर्व' मिला क' **265** पृष्ठ अछि। "दू शब्द"क चारि पृष्ठ छोड़ि क')। माने कुल **269** पृष्ठ दोसरो भाग मे। प्रायः दुनू पोथीक समान आकार-प्रकार पर ध्यान दैत 'वन पर्व'क किछुए अंश 'महाभारत'क दोसर भाग मे आबि सकल। दुनू 'महाभारत'क प्रकाशन सेहो संग-संग भेल अछि, एहन अनुमान लागि रहल अछि। ओना 'व्यास' जीक कोनो पोथी मे प्रकाशन वर्ष नहि भेटैत अछि। लेखक द्वारा लिखल "दू शब्द" मे निचाँ देल तिथिए कैँ प्रकाशन तिथि मानल जाइत रहल अछि। तदनुसार पहिल भागक प्रकाशन **23** जून **1994** मे भेल अछि। एहि पोथीक बिमोचन 'व्यास' जीक पटना स्थित निवास स्थान पर भेल छलए। बिमोचनकर्ता छलाह सुरेन्द्र झा 'सुमन' आ बिमोचनक तिथि छलए **22** जुलाइ **1994**। से उक्त पोथीक इनर कवर पर भीमनाथ झाक कलम सँ अंकित अछि। एहि बात सभ सँ पोथीक प्रकाशन वर्ष **1994** होएबाक पुष्टि होइत अछि। आ 'महाभारत'क दोसर भाग 'सभा पर्व; वन पर्व' प्रकाशित भेल अछि सन् **1999** मे।

'व्यास' जीक इच्छा तँ छलनि जे सम्पूर्ण महाभारत कँ मैथिली साहित्य मे आनथि मुदा महाभारत ग्रन्थक विशाल आकार-प्रकार, श्लोकक भारी संख्या आ बएसक संग हुनकर अपन स्वास्थ्य गड़बड़ा जाएब, कारण रहल जे ई इच्छा अपूर्ण रहि गेलनि हुनकर। मुदा जतबे, जएह दू-तीन 'पर्व' कँ मैथिली मे आनि सकलाह, से हुनक अद्भुत काव्य-कौशलक परिचायक तँ अछिए।

रमण झा जीक पोथी (भारतीय साहित्यक निर्माता : उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास') जे साहित्य अकादमीक सौजन्य सँ सन् **2022** मे प्रकाशित भेलनि अछि, तकर किछु संदर्भ लेलहुँ अछि हम एहि लेख लेल।

संपादकीय सूचना-

1) रुबाइ अरबी-फारसी-उर्दूक एकटा कठिन विधा छै। एहि विधाक समग्र जानकारी प्राप्त करबाक लेल **आशीष अनचिन्हार**क पोथी "मैथिली गजलक व्याकरण ओ इतिहास" पढ़ल जा एकै।

2) एहि सिरीजक पुरान क्रम एहि लिंकपर जा कऽ पढ़ि सकैत छी-

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-9

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-10

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-11

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-12

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-13

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-14

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-15

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-16

मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ झा 'व्यास' एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-17

अपन मंतव्य editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in पर पठाउ।

२.२.हितनाथ झा-मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-10

हितनाथ झा- मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-10



हितनाथ झा

(मैथिलीमे ग्रामगाथा विधाकेँ नव जीवन देनिहार, पाठकीय विधाक अगुआ। संपर्क-**9430743070**)

मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान **10**

रानी चन्द्रावतीक कीर्तिगाथा

कोइलखक प.उग्रदत्त झा वैयाकरणक पुत्री रहथि गंगा। हिनक विवाह बनैली राज(पूर्णिया)क कुमार चन्द्रानन्द सिंह संग भेलनि।

सासुरमे हिनक नाम पड़ि गेलनि पतिक नामपर चन्द्रावती। दुर्भाग्य, ई बहुत कमहि अवस्थामे विधवा भ' गेलीहि। अपन योग्यता-क्षमता, चतुरता तथा दृढ़ इच्छाशक्तिक बलपर राज्यक शासन-सूत्र अपन हाथमे लेलनि आ एक-सँ-एक महत्वपूर्ण ओ स्थायी कीर्ति स्थापित कs गेलीहि, जे आइयो हिनका जीवित रखने छनि।

हिनक कीर्ति देखि लॉर्ड विलमिंगटन (**Viceroy and Governor General of India)** एक सनद प्रदान कs हिनका 'रानी'क उपाधि दs अलंकृत कयलथिन। सनद मे लिखल अछि- :**I hearby confer upon you the title of 'Rani' as a personal distinction."**

'प्रभात'क रानीसाहिबाक विषयमे अनेक अंकमे हुनक कीर्ति-यशक आलेख आ कविता (धारावाहिक सेहो) प्रकाशित अछि,किन्तु सभ अंक उपलब्ध नहि रहलाक कारणसँ ,जतबहि उपलब्ध भ' सकल अछि, ओ एक ठाम समेटि प्रस्तुत क' रहल छी। एक समस्यापूर्तिक सेहो हिनक नामपर राखल गेल अछि ' जत चन्द्रावति रानी', ओ समस्यापूर्ति अध्यायमे पछिला अंकमे प्रकाशित भेल छल। 'प्रभात'मे एक विशेषांक निकलबाक घोषणा भेल छल 'चंद्रांक'जे कुमार चन्द्रानन्द सिंह एवं रानी चन्द्रावतीक कीर्तिगाथा रहत। युवक संघ कोइलख द्वारा प्रदत्त दू अभिनन्दन-पत्रक प्रतिलिपिमे मात्र एक उपलब्ध अछि,दोसर जे अंक नष्ट भ' गेल, ओहीमे रहल हेतैक।

श्रीमती रानी साहिबाक चन्द्रावती जीकेँ युवक संघ,कोइलखक तरफसँ दू अभिनन्दन पत्र देल जयतौन्हि। प्रथम अभिनंदन पत्रक प्रतिलिपि निम्नलिखित अछि :- सम्पादक।

श्री ६ मती रानी चन्द्रावती साहिबा जीक कर कंजमे 'रानी'क उपाधि प्राप्त हयबाक अवसरपर सादर समर्पित।

अभिनन्दन पत्र

दयावति!

अपनेक ' रानी ' उपाधि पयबाक संवाद द्वारा जाहि अनिवर्चनीय आनन्दक सृष्टि एहि गामक समस्त आवाल-वृद्ध मण्डलीमे भेल अछि ओकरा व्यक्त करब असम्भव। हृदय हर्ष व्यक्त करबाक उपयुक्त साधनाभाजें हमरालोकनिक हृदय -साम्राज्य आन्दोलित भय गेल अछि।

अपनेक आकीर्ण -स्वर्गा-कीर्ति-लताक प्रतिनिधि स्वरूप काशीस्थ श्रीश्यामा मन्दिरक गगनमे गुम्बजकेँ देखि साम्प्रतिक भारताधिपति अपना जन्मतिथिक शुभ अवसरपर अपने काँ 'रानी' उपाधि दय अपनाकेँ गौरवान्वित कयलैन्ह अछि।

हे कीर्ति-स्वरूपे ! हे परमोदाराशय !! हमरहु लोकनि अपनेक सन कीर्ति चन्द्र सँ चन्द्रिता, विद्या-बुद्धि,वल-वैभव, प्रभा-प्रतिभा,ज्ञान-विज्ञान आदि देवोचित गुणसँ अलंकृता अधिपतिक छत्रच्छायामे रहबाक सुअवसर पाबि कोइलखकेँ पुनः पूर्ववत विद्या-बुद्धिक केन्द्र बनाय अपनेक जन्मभूमिक गौरव बढ़यबाक इच्छुक छी।

प्राचीन मिथिलाक कुलपति कल्प धर्म वशिष्ठवत अपना पितृदेवक पद-चिह्नक अनुशरण कय विद्यादानक निमित्त अपने सर्वप्रथम चिरकाल पूर्व उद्यत भेलहुँ।कतेक बाधा कतेक विपर्यय दुर्लध्य गिरिवत अपनेक पथ-रोध कयने ठाढ़ छल परन्तु चिरन्तन अशावादिनी अपने जाहि अदम्य उत्साह, उत्कट अभिलाषा एवं घोर कर्त्तव्य परायणताक अवलम्बन कय यत्न जारी राखल, तकर फलस्वरूप एहि ग्राम मध्य विश्रुतनामा अंगरेजी स्कूल विद्यमान अछि । अपनेक अटल विद्यानुराग देखि हमरा लोकनिकेँ पूर्ण आशा होइछ जे यैह स्कूल विशाल रूप धारण कय ज्ञानक आलोकसँ अज्ञान तिमिराच्छन्न हमरा लोकनिक मनो मन्दिरकेँ उज्वल करैत अपनेक धर्म्म-कार्यक शास्वत बैजयन्ती बनल रहत।

हे कोइलख-भाग्य-विधात्रि ! हे विद्यादानैक व्रती ! अपनेक उपकारक भार सँ दबल रहलहुँ, सन्तानक भावी उन्नतिक उपकरणक हेतु फेरि आशान्वित नेत्रसँ निश्चल- निष्पन्द रूपैँ अपनहिक दिशि ताकि अपनेक दीर्घ जीवनक हेतु भगवानसँ आन्तरिक प्रार्थना करैत छी।

अपनेक सेवक

युवक-संघ, कोइलख।

(वर्ष-**02**, अंक-**08**,अगस्त-**1934**ई.)

काशीक यज्ञमे अदम्य उत्साह

श्री रमानन्द झा, कोइलख।

1934 ई.मे ता. **13** जुलाइक श्रीमती रानी चन्द्रावती माहोदाराशया, एहि असार संसारमे केवल धर्महि कॅा सारवान बूझि स्वर्गोपमा काशीस्थ मणिकर्णिका ऑर विश्वनाथ अन्नपूर्णाकि सन्निहित में एक मनोहर ऑर अति विशाल स्वनिर्मित मन्दिरमे जगज्जननी जानकी सहित जगन्नियन्ता जगदीश्वर श्री रामचन्द्रक सुदृढ़ ऑर सुन्दर प्रतिमाक तथा लक्ष्मण महावीर ऑर लक्ष्मीक प्रतिमाक स्थापना केने छलीह। एहि अनुपम कीर्त्तिक वृतान्त यज्ञ दिवससँ किछु काल पूर्वहिंसँ मैथिल समाजकैं कर्णपथ भेल छलैन्ह। अनन्तर ओहि सुअवसर कैं अत्यन्त आसन्न काल बूझि निमन्त्रित गुणी कुटुम्ब सँ अतिरिक्तो हमर मैथिल मण्डली, अत्यावश्यको स्वगृहकार्यकैं तिलांजलि दय काशीक यात्रा करैत गेलाह किन्तु काशी गमनेच्छुकव्यक्तिसँ स्टेशनपर एक छोट-मोट मेला भ' गेलैक।ओहि मेलाकैं देखि कतिपय जेंटिलमैन लोकनि द्वि, चारि कोठली रिज़र्व कय लेलैन्ह ऑर बहुत गलहस्तक भोग्य करैत भावी

आनन्दक वेगवती धारा मे गोंता खाइत धूम जान सँ विदा भय बनारस पहुँचैत गेलाह। ओहिठाम किछु काल पूर्वहिसँ आगन्तुक व्यक्तिक स्वागतार्थ मोटर,बग्गी,टमटम आदि सवारी लय कर्मचारी लोकनि उपस्थित भ क यथा योग्य स्वागत कय निश्चित स्थानमे पहुँचाय दिव्य प्रासादमे स्थान देलथिन्ह और उपांसुक व्यक्ति सहित सभै गोटा कैँ भोजनादिक सुप्रबन्ध यथेच्छानुकुल कय देलथिन्ह।यज्ञ दिवस तँ अति सुदिन छल सुप्रभातक बाद शुभ मुहूर्त मे यज्ञ खूब धूमधामसँ प्रारम्भ भेल।ओहि कालक दृश्य अति रमणिक छल।वेदज्ञ लोकनि मांगलिक मंत्रोच्चारण सँ यज्ञ भवनकैँ गुंजायमान करैत छलाह। कतिपय वेदपाठी लोकनि वेदपाठ करैत छलाह।क्यो रामायण पाठ करैत छलाह, क्यो दुर्गापाठ करैत छलाह। स्वस्ति वाचकादि बहुसंख्यक ब्राह्मण सभ, समयोचित नूतन सयग्योपवीत कटि सूत्रांगुलीयक वस्त्रावृत्त भय ॐ स्वस्ति इत्यादि मन्त्र दीर्घस्वरेणाेउच्चारण करैत छलाह।आचार्य्य, ब्रह्मा,ऋत्विज,पुरोहित आदि अपन-अपन यथा विहित सालंकरण पट्ट वस्त्रालंकृत भय स्वकार्य मे दत्तचित्त छलाह।प्रज्वलिताग्नि, प्रचुर हवनीय पदार्थसँ जठराग्निकैँ शान्त करैत छलाह। होम धूमन सँ आकाश मण्डल आच्छन्न छल। गानवती ललना गण अपन-अपन वेश धारण कय सुस्वर सँ गान करैत छलीह। क्यो अपन नेत्र कैँ आनन्द दैत छलीह। विद्वान लोकनि अपनामे विद्याक विचार करैत छलाह। क्यो यग्योत्सवक सम्यकतया पर्यालोचन करैत छलाह। कतिपय कर्ण सुखद वाद्य समूहक श्रवण करैत छलाह।घर्म पीड़ितजन, बिजली पंखा द्वारा अपन अपन स्थूल काय कैँ सुख पहुँचैबैत छलाह।बहुत एहनो महानुभाव लोकनि छलाह जे अपन अपन डेरे पर ऐश आराममे लीन छलाह।बन्दूकक प्रबल

आवाज सँ काशी निवासी वधिर प्राय भँ गेल छलाह। मानू ओहि कालक अनुपम शोभाक अवलोकन सँ दर्शकगण, अपनाकेँ जन्म सुफल ओर अहो भाग्यवान बूझैत छलाह।यज्ञक अवसान करीब चारि बजेमे भेलैक।कर्मान्त मे निमन्त्रित आदि असंख्य ब्राह्मण लोकनि, अमृतप्राय मेवा,मिसरी, मिष्टान्न, पूरी, राबड़ी आदि अनेक विध भक्ष्य पदार्थ सँ अपव्याप्ति रूपेँ स्वकीयोदर कैँ भरलैन्ह। अनन्तर निमन्त्रित गुणी, कुटुम्ब आदि व्यक्ति, यथायोग्य वस्त्र,द्रव्यादि सँ सम्मानित कैल गेलाह।अन्तमे दयाद्र्रहृदया श्रीमती उक्त रानी साहिबा, अनाहुत व्यक्तिक दुःखावलोकन कय मैथिल मात्रक वास्ते एग्यारह रुपयाक महती सभा कय असीम सुयशक भागिनी भेलीह। कर्मचारियो लोकनि कैँ यश भेलैन्ह। इत्यलम ।

(श्री रमानन्द झा)

(वर्ष-2,अंक-9, सितम्बर-1934 ई.)

बनैली राजवंशक दानशीलता

श्री घनानन्द झा, रानीटोल।

(1924 ई.मे 'घटकराज' (पंजीप्रबन्ध)पुस्तक हिनक प्रकाशित छनि।)

मानव समाजमे नाना तरहक गुण विशिष्ट लोक सब रहैत अछि। ताहि सौं संसारक कार्य सब सम्पन्न भ रहल अछि। नाना प्रकारक

गुणमे दया ओ दान सब सौं बढ़ल अछि। जाहि दानक फल सौं भगवान बलिक दरवाजा पर सतत स्थिर रहैत छथिन्ह। तथा अक्षय कीर्ति भूमंडलमे व्याप्त भइछ। से एहि बनैली राजवंशमे जेहेन दानक कीर्ति कौमुदी मिथिला-मैथिल समाजमे व्याप्त छल ओ सम्प्रतिओ अछि।तेहेन कीर्ति अन्य स्थानमे देखयमे देखयमे नहि अछि। यद्यपि उक्त राजवंशक दानशीलताक वर्णन ई छुद्र अनुचर वुते हैव असम्भव, तथापि किछु दिग्दर्शन करबाक प्रबल इच्छा कौं नहि रोकि सकलहुँ। तैं लिखैत छी जे गत राजा लीलानन्द सिंह कैं नियम छलैन्ह जे प्रति दिन सहत्र रजत मुद्रा दान कय तखन अन्न जल ग्रहण करथि। ओ दरभंगा नरेश कैं बाइस लाख टाकाक रजिस्ट्री दस्तावेज ओहिना असूली लिखि वापस कय देने छलथिन्ह। ताही तरहैं राजा पद्मानन्द सिंह प्रत्यह शतावधि टाका दान कय तखन भोजन करथि। हिनका समयमे प्रायः भलमानुस मैथिल वर्ग कियो एहेन नहि छलाह।वो छथि जे हिनक दान पात्र नहि बनल होथि। उक्त राजा साहब कौं कर्णक उपमा दैत छलैन्ह। वास्तविक हिम ऋतुमे शीताआच्छादन (शाल-दुशाला) प्रति वर्ष हजारों मैथिल पबैत छलाह। एखनि धरि कतेक गोटे कौं हुनक देल शाल-दुशाला वर्तमान अछि। कुमार चन्द्रानंद सिंह सब तरहैं भोलानाथ जेकाँ औढर दानिये छलाह। जखन जे वस्तुक याचना लोक करैत छल तत्क्षणे भेटि जाइत छलैक। सम्प्रति श्रीमती रानीचंद्रावती साहिबामे उक्त बहुत गुण वर्तमान छैन्ह।हिनक कीर्ति तँ बहुत छैन्ह।तथापि किछु देखबैत छी। जे श्री 108 कामाख्या सिद्ध पीठमे जें कि पहाड़ी भूमि अछि। ताहि ठाम खूब धलधर सरोवर बनवा देने छथि। ओ काशीमे श्यामा मन्दिर बनबाय ताहिमे सय गोटेकैं प्रत्यह भोजनाच्छादन भेटि रहल अछि। कोइलखमे पति स्मारक मिड्ल इंग्लिश स्कूल

खोलि देने छथि। जाहिमे दू सय लगभग विद्यार्थी पढ़ि रहल अछि।ओ प्रति वर्ष **20,24** विद्यार्थी पास कय हिनक कीर्ति कौमुदीकेँ बढ़बैत अछि। एहि स्कूलमे छात्रवर्गकेँ एको कैंचा स्कूल के फीस नहि लगैत छैक। तथा शिक्षक वर्ग कोनो छात्रसँ कोनो तरहक दबाबट द्रव्यादिक नहि करैत छथिन्ह। श्रीमती रानी साहिबा नब्बे हजार रुपैया जमा कय देने छथिन्ह। तकरे सूदि सँ शिक्षक वर्गकेँ मासिक वेतन पूर्ण रीतिऐं समयपर भेटैत छन्हि वो कतेक सम्बन्धी वर्गकि निर्वाह भय रहल अछि। ओ, पुबारि कात जलधर सरोवर अछि। तकर यज्ञमे द्रव्य वितरण कयलैन्ह।तथा **108** कोइलख देवीक मन्दिर बनेबा मे प्रचुर द्रव्य दान कयने छनि। पुनः उक्त मन्दिरक वास्ते विचार- विमर्श कय रहल छथि। वो कोनो अस्पतालमे एक लक्ष टाका दान केने छथि।

(वर्ष-**2**, अंक-**10**, अक्टूबर **21934** ई.)

बनैली राजवंशक गुणानुवाद

लूटन झा

बनैली राजवंशक गुणानुवाद लिखब सहस्त्र 'वाहु समेत कोँ दुर्घट छैन तखन एक हस्त सँ अस्मदादि कहाँ तक लिखि सकै छी । तावतापि दृष्ट और श्रुतगुणक लेख यथा साध्य लिखि अपना

चिन्तक वेग काँ पूर्ण करैं छी। एहि राजवंश मे राजा सबहिक शिरोमणि दानवीर लीलानन्द सिंह कर्णराजाक अवतार भेलाह। एक सहस्त्र नित्यदान विना कयने अन्नजलहि करथि जाहि हेतु **36** लक्ष स्टेटमे देनाय भय गेलैंक ताहि समयमे दरभंगा महाराज लक्ष्मीश्वर सिंह बहादुरक जिम्मा **22** लक्ष रुपैयाक डिग्री छलैन। उक्त महाराजाधिराज काँ तकर अदाय करबाक चिन्ता अधिक छलैन परन्तु पूर्णिया कोठीमे जखन मिथिलेश सम्प्राप्त भेलाह**,** दानवीर राजा लीलानन्द सिंह ओहि डिक्री काँ साक्षात लक्ष्मीश्वरक बुद्धिसँ पयरपर चढ़ाय दक्षिण हस्त सँ माथपर आशीर्वाद कयलथीन जे हमर समान दान करबाक उत्साह परमेश्वर अहाँ काँ देथि। उक्त मिथिलेश परम् सुप्रसन्न भय यशोगान करैत अपना राज्य काँ कय दरभंगा अयलाह । के दानवीरता राजा लीलानन्द सिंहहि मे छलैन । हिनक आत्मज राजा पद्मानंद सिंह बहादुरहु काँ एक शत नित्य दान करबाक व्रत छलैन। हिनक रानी श्री **108** मती चन्द्रावती अपना वंशक मर्यादा ऑर धर्मक रक्षा करबामे निरन्तर दत्तचित्त रहैं छथि।काशीमे श्री **1008** मती काली जीक मन्दिर बनबाय प्रतिष्ठा कय मैथिल विद्यार्थी लोकनिक हेतु पाकशाला कय अन्नदान कय रहल छथि। एहि धर्म्मकर्म्मक मार्ग काँ बनाय अनेक धनवानक चित्तमे उत्साहक उत्पत्ति कय रहल छथि। हिनक धन्यवाद अनन्तानन्त ब्राह्मण कय रहल छथि। हम हृदय सँ आशीर्वाद करैं छी ई चिरंजीविनी रहथि।

*(वर्ष-**01,** अंक-**12,**दिसम्बर **1933** ई.)*

बर्नैली कीर्ति लतिका

रामचन्द्र झा, रानीटोल

धन्य कोइलख ग्राम अछि अरु,
मातु ओ धन्या थिकी।
धन्य नर ओ जनक पुनि,
जनिक चन्द्रावति कन्या थिकी।।
जेहि वंश शोभित छथि श्रीमति,
तकर वर्णन की करू ।
जे भरल अछि सुधा रस सँ तेहि--
वारि कण सौं के भरू ।।
पर छुद्र मति मानैत नहि अछि,
कीर्ति अद्भुत सूनि कय।
तैँ किच्छु हम भाखैत छी,
श्री शक्ति युगपद चूमि कय।।
राजा लीलानन्द सिंह नित,
हजार रुपया दान कय।
सुवर्ण त्यादि भूषण,
दरिद्र के पर दान कय।।
करैत छलाह भोजन आदि, नृप
तखन अति सानन्द भय।।
शासन रीति ओ नृप नीति लखि
प्रजा छल आनन्द मय।।
राजा पद्मानंद सिंहक

प्रख्यात दान शीलता।
कत वृद्ध जन आँखन करैं छथि,
कर्ण नृपक तुल्यता।।
प्रातः रजत मुद्रा एक सत नित
दान कय विपेन्द्र ओ।
दीन जन सन्तुष्ट कय भोजन
करइ छला नरेन्द्र ओ।।
दरबार त फुजले रहइ छल,
विप्र दुखिया लय सदा।
आजन्म नहि केव घुरि सकला,
पाँने विन धन सम्पदा।।
तुम्वा को भर दो बर्जेत केओ
साधु गेला तहाँ।
रुपया लगा देल ढेर भरि
चलला आनन्दित है महा।।
के के नहि आनन्द भेल ओहि
नृपति शासन कालमे।
गुण गान घर-घर होइत छल,
नर नारि युवती बाल मे।।
तेहि सिंहासन पर एखन
शोभैंत श्री सरकार छथि।
कुल धर्म मे तत्पर अधिक
श्रीमती धर्मागार छथि।।
जनिक उज्वल यश पताका,
अति उच्च भय शोभैंतछनि।

काशीक श्यामा भवनमे नित,
द्विजक जय ध्वनि होइत छनि।।
अछि सर सुशोभित सलिल सुन्दर,
स्वच्छ कामाख्या जनिक।
कत औषधालय अनाथालय,
गुणगान होइयै जनिक।।
निज जन्म गाँव फ्री.एम.ई.
स्कूल पति स्मारकी ।
कत छात्र शिक्षा प्राप्त होइ छथि,
ऐ सँ अधिक उपकार की ।।
स्वेत आर्य कुल जॉर्ज पाँसवा
श्रीमतिक गुण सूनि कय।
'रानी''पद सँ कयल सुशोभित
राष्ट्रपति तिय गूणि कय।।
' प्रभात ' भेल हिनके कृपा सँ
उठल युवक उत्साह कय।
एकरा निमाहब श्रीमती के--
हाथ छनि प्रोत्साह दय।।
पालित छलाह पूर्वज गण हमर,
जिहि राज्य छायामे सदा।
रामचन्द्र श्रीमतिक दयाक,
अधिकार हमरो सर्वदा।।
श्री रामचन्द्र झा ,रानीटोल।
वर्ष-**02**, अंक-**10**,अक्टूबर-**1934**ई.)
धन्य कोइलख ग्राम अछि अरु,

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तकर वर्णन की करु ।
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तैं किच्छु हम भाखैत छी,
श्री शक्ति युगपद चूमि कय।।
राजा लीलानन्द सिंह नित,
हजार रुपया दान कय।
सुवर्ण त्यादि भूषण,
दरिद्र के पर दान कय।।
करैत छलाह भोजन आदि, नृप
तखन अति सानन्द भय।।
शासन रीति ओ नृप नीति लखि
प्रजा छल आनन्द मय।।
राजा पद्मानंद सिंहक
प्रख्यात दान शीलता।
कत वृद्ध जन आँखन करै छथि,
कर्ण नृपक तुल्यता।।
प्रातः रजत मुद्रा एक सत नित
दान कय विपेन्द्र ओ।

दीन जन सन्तुष्ट कय भोजन
करइ छला नरेन्द्र ओ।।
दरबार त फुजले रहइ छल,
विप्र दुखिया लय सदा।
आजन्म नहि केव घुरि सकला,
पौने विन धन सम्पदा।।
तुम्वा को भर दो बर्जैत केओ
साधु गेला तहाँ।
रुपया लगा देल ढेर भरि
चलला आनन्दित है महा।।
के के नहि आनन्द भेल ओहि
नृपति शासन कालमे।
गुण गान घर-घर होइत छल,
नर नारि युवती बाल मे।।
तेहि सिंहासन पर एखन
शोभैत श्री सरकार छथि।
कुल धर्म मे तत्पर अधिक
श्रीमती धर्मागार छथि।।
जनिक उज्वल यश पताका,
अति उच्च भय शोभैतछनि।
काशीक श्यामा भवनमे नित,
द्विजक जय ध्वनि होइत छनि।।
अछि सर सुशोभित सलिल सुन्दर,
स्वच्छ कामाख्या जनिक।
कत औषधालय अनाथालय,

गुणगान होइयै जनिक।।
निज जन्म गाँव फ्री.एम.ई.
स्कूल पति स्मारकी ।
कत छात्र शिक्षा प्राप्त होइ छथि,
ऐ सँ अधिक उपकार की ।।
स्वेत आर्य कुल जॉर्ज पाँसवा
श्रीमतिक गुण सूनि कय।
'रानी''पद सँ कयल सुशोभित
राष्ट्रपति तिय गूणि कय।।
' प्रभात ' भेल हिनके कृपा सँ
उठल युवक उत्साह कय।
एकरा निमाहब श्रीमती के--
हाथ छनि प्रोत्साह दय।।
पालित छलाह पूर्वज गण हमर,
जिहि राज्य छायामे सदा।
रामचन्द्र श्रीमतिक दयाक,
अधिकार हमरो सर्वदा।।
श्री रामचन्द्र झा ,रानीटोल।
वर्ष-**02**, अंक-**10**,अक्टूबर-**1934**ई.)

काशीकान्त मिश्र 'मधुप' जी सेहो रानी चन्द्रावतीक धारावाहिक रूपमे कीर्तिगाथा ' रानी चन्द्रावती चरित ' 'प्रभात'मे लिखने छथि। दुर्भाग्यवश सभ अंक उपलब्ध नहि अछि, तँ समग्रतामे तँ नहि, आंशिके रूपमे उपलब्ध अछि, जे विदेहक अगिला अंकमे

प्रस्तुत करब।

संपादकीय सूचना-एहि सिरीजक पुरान क्रम एहि लिंकपर जा कऽ पढ़ि सकैत छी-

मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-1
मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-2
मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-3
मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-4
मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-5
मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-6
मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-7

मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-8

मैथिली साहित्यमे तारानाथ झा एवं हुनक परिवारक योगदान-9

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२.३.लालदेव कामत-लघुकथा- जूडो कराटे



लालदेव कामत

लघुकथा- जूडो कराटे

सतजीत आ चैंनसी नव दम्पतिके वैवाहिक जीवन हालिमे शुरह भेल रहय। दून् प्रौढ़ आ समझदार बुझल जाइत रहैक। से चैंनसी क' नैहर आ सासुरमे बढ़ मान आदर होय। सतजीत सेहो अपन गाममे अपना सूझबुझ आ सदव्यवहार सँ गामक समाज आ परोपट्टामे सराहल मास्टर रहय। ससुराईरमे तँ आरो नामी व्यक्ति कहेने छलैक। कारण एको पाई दान- दहेज नहिं लेने रहथि। एक राति दून् प्राणीमे जूडो कराटे मादे पैंर्घौतक गप सरक्का चललनि। एकतँ १२/११ फिटक शयन कक्षमे जगह चीजबौंस्त सँ अजबारल , दोसर

दिश जूडो कराटे म के बेशी पारंगत,जाहि सँ सदा अपन स्वंय रक्षा करि सकतथि! से तेहन ठुंसा हुसतीमे लागलनि जे सिलाई मशीन सहित नैहर गाड़ी मँगाकेँ सदा लेल चलिए गेलीह। आब फेर हठात् मेलजोल तँ बढ़ल मुदा रहतीह घरजमैंये धरि। जरलाहा जूडो-कराटे कतय सँ धरफराएले छलैक।

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२.४.परमानन्द लाल कर्ण-बुढ़ापाक जिनगी



परमानन्द लाल कर्ण

बुढ़ापाक जिनगी

जेठक दुपहरिया अपन क्रूरता सँ आगि उगलैत मौसम मे सुमनजी घरक ओसारा पर राखल खाट पर बैसल छलाह । हुनक बुढ शरीर पसीना सँ तर बतर छल । साँझ भेल तहन किछु राहत भेलनि मुदा आँखि सँ नींद गायब छलनि । नींद कोना आओत ? भोरे सँ अनाजक एकहु दाना हुनका पेट मे नहि गेल छलनि । भूख सँ पेट बैसल छल । राति मे आसमान दिश देखैत अपन पत्नी सरस्वतीजी कें यादि करैत आँखि सँ ढ़व-ढ़व नोर गिरैत छल । आखिरकार सुमन जी कें बर्दाश्त नहि भेलनि । ओ खाट पर सँ उठि भनसा घर मे एहि आशा सँ गेलथि जे घर मे किछु राखल होयत तहन खा लेब, मुदा भनसा घर मे गेला पर देखलखिन जे घरक सब वर्तन खाली अछि । तकर बाद ओ फ्रिज खोलि देखलखिन जे किछु राखल होय मुदा फ्रिज मे सेहो किछु नहि छल । सुमन जी एक

गिलास पानि पीव फेर खाट पर बैसि गेलाह । घर मे ओहि दिन भानस नहि बनल छल, किएक तऽ बेटा आ पुतोहु कोनो शादी समारोह मे गेल छलाह । राति मे सुमनजीक लेल भिनसुरका वांचल दुई टा सोहारी भनसा घर मे राखल छल । शादी समारोह मे जायत खन हुनकर पुतोहु कहलखिन जे बाबुजी हम सव संगीक बेटीक विआह मे जा रहल छी । अहाँक लेल सोहारी राखि देलहुँ अछि, चाय बना कऽ ओहि संगे खा लेव । हम सव देर राति लौटव ।मुदा जखन ओ भोजन करवाक लेल भनसा घर मे गेलाह तऽ देखैत छथिन जे सोहारी खराव भऽ गेल अछि ।

ई कोनो नव बात नहि छल । सरस्वती जी कें गुजरलाक बाद अक्सर एहिना होयत छल। रातिक खाना जे बचल खुचल रहैत छल ओ दिन मे आ दिनक खाना राति मे मिलैत छलनि । ई दिनचर्या भऽ गेल छल । सुमन जी सव बात मे हाँ कहि अपन दिन गुजारि रहल छलाह ।ओ सोचैत छलाह जे घर मे बहस करला सँ कोनो फायदा नहि होयत । किछु बोलव तहन घर मे महाभारत भऽ जायत तें ओ चुपचाप रहैत छलाह । भूख सँ बिलबिलाइत ओ खाट पर पड़ि रहलाह । थोड़ेक देर मे नीन आवि गेलनि । भिनसरे उठलाक बाद देखलखिन जे पुतोहु भनसा घर मे चाय बना रहल छलीह । पुतोहु चाय-पानि देलखिन आ कहलखिन जे बाबुजी चाय पीव घरक सामान आनि दीअउ । नैहर सँ किछु लोकनि आवऽ वाला अछि । सुमन बाबू कहलखिन ,कनिया घर मे बिस्कुट व नमकीन वगैरह होयत तऽ हमरा दऽ देतहुँ । राति हम अहाँक राखल सोहारी नहि खा सकलहुँ किएक तऽ सोहारी खराव भऽ गेल छल । ई सुनैत ओ आगि बबूला भऽ गेलीह आ सुमन जी पर टूटि

पड़लीह जे अहाँ की कहऽ चाहैत छी जे हम अहाँ के बसिया रोटी देने छलहुँ । हे भगवान ! अहाँ हमरा पर इल्जाम लगा रहल छी । एहि उमिर मे सफेद झूठ वाजि रहल छी । पहिले बाजार सँ सब्जी सब लावि दिअऊ । भानस बनलाक बाद खाना मिलत । एहि पर सुमन जी कहलखिन ठीक अछि,हम बाजार सँ सामान लावि दैत छी । ई बात कहि ओ एकटा कटोरी मे बिस्कुट देलखिन । सुमनजी बिस्कुट खा के पानि पीव चाय पीलाह । कप राखि पुतोहु सँ कहलखिन जे कनिया झोरा लावु हम बाजार सँ सामान लावि दैत छी । झोरा लऽ सुमनजी बाजार सँ सामान लऽ अनलाह । तहन हुनकर पुतोहु कहलखिन जे आब अहाँ अपन बाहर राखल जे कबाड़ सन सामान रखने छी तकरा अपना घर मे राखि लिअ आ ओहि ठाम आराम सँ रहव । हमरा नैहर सँ जे लोकनि आवि रहल अछि हुनकर नजरि एहि कबाड़ पर नहि पड़वाक चाही ।एक पल तऽ सुमनजी के भेलनि जे कही कनिया ई अहाँक कबाड़ बुझना जायत अछि । ई हमर जिनगी भरिक मिहनत नतीजा अछि । मुदा मन मसोरि के रहि गेलाह।सुमनजी सोचि चुप रहि गेलाह कि बेटाक आबैत पुतोहु आसमान माथ पर उठा लेताह । बेटा मोहन सेहो बिना बुझने घरवालीक पक्ष लऽ लैत छथि । दूनु प्राणी सदिखन वृद्धाश्रम मे छोडवाक धमकी दैत रहैत छथि । मोहन अपना घरवालीक बात सुनैत छथिन आँखि से तऽ किछु नहि देखैत छथिन । भरल मन सँ काँपैत हाथ सुमनजी अपन खाट उठा कऽ अपना कमरा मे लऽ गेलखिन ।खाट पर अपन बिछौना ठीक कऽ बैसि गेलाह । खाट पर बैसि अपन अतीतक पन्ना पलटऽ लगलाह । हुनका मन पड़ऽ लागल जे कतेक मिन्नत केलाक बाद भगवान एकटा बालक भेल छल ।सपना देखने छलहुँ जे बेटा पैघ होयत

तहन बुढ़ापाक लाठी बनत आ सहारा मिलत । तखन ओ नहि जानैंत छलाह जे आगु ई लाठी हमरे पर पड़त । ओ अपना बेटाक लालन पालन मे कोनो कसरि बाकी नहि राखलाथि । शहरक नीक प्राइवेट स्कूल मे हुनका पढ़ाओल गेल। हुनकर हर जिद्द पूरा केने छलहुँ । मोहन जखन कॉलेज मे गेलाह तखन मोटरसाइकिलक माँग केने छलाह । पाईक अभाव रहितहुँ हुनका मोटरसाइकिल खरीद देने छलहुँ । हम सोचैंत छलहुँ जे एकटा बेटा अछि, हिनकर सब शौंक आ पसंद पूरा होवाक चाही। सरस्वतीजी टोका टोकी सेहो करैंत रहैंत छलखिन जे अहाँ मोहन के माथ पर चढ़ा लैंत छी ।अहाँ के हुनका अपन परिस्थिति सँ अवगत करावक चाही । मुदा सुमन जी ओहि बात के टालि दैंत छलखिन । मोहन बाबू आव सोचैंत छथिन जे ओ हमर पैंघ भूल छल । मोहन के कॉलेजक पढ़ाई समाप्त भेला पर अपन कारोबारक एक-एक टा बात सिखेलखिन । कोना हिसाब-किताब राखल जाय ? कोना गहकी सँ बात कएल जाय ? एहि सवहक हुनर हुनका देलखिन । सुमन बाबू एक छोट-छीन दुकान सँ अपन कारोबार शुरू केने छलाह,अपना दम पर ओकर बाजारक पैंघ शोरूम मे तब्दील कऽ देने छलाह । आलीशान मकान बनेने छलाह । मोहनक विआह हुनकर मनपसंद लड़की सँ करा देने छलहुँ जे सुखी सम्पन्न आ पढ़ल-लिखल छलीह ।

सरस्वती जखन धरि जिंदा छलीह तखन धरि सब किछु नीक छल। ई घर स्वर्ग छल । सुमन बाबू घरक मुखिया छलथि आ हुनकर एक-एक शब्द कानून छल। बेटा मोहन आ हुनकर कनिया मान-सम्मान दैंत छलथि । सास पुतोहु मिल के घर सम्भालैंत छलीह ।

बाहरक सब काम सुमन बाबू करैत छलाह । मुदा ईश्वर के ई मंजूर नहि छलनि। सरस्वती अचानक बीमार पड़ि गेलीह जाहिमे सुमन बाबू पाई पानि जकाँ बहा देने छलथि, मुदा ओ दुनिया छोड़ि एहि संसार सँ विदा भऽ गेलीह ।तकर बाद तऽ सुमन बाबुक दुनिया उजरि गेल । आब ओ बेटा पुतोहुक लेल बोझ बनि के रही गेल छलथि। मोहन कारोबार अपना कब्जा मे लऽ लेने छलाह। आब एकटा छोट कमरा हुनकर दुनिया छलनि । खून पसीना बहा कऽ एतेक पैंघ मकान बनेने छलाह ,मुदा आब ओ कतहु नहि जा सकैत छथि । सरस्वतीजीक शोक मे सुमनजी बीमार पड़ि गेल छलाह, तखन दुकान संभालक जिम्मेवारी मोहन के देल गेल छल । सुमनजीक ठीक भेला पर मोहन कहलनि जे बाबुजी अहाँ कमजोर भऽ गेलहुँ अछि, उमिर सेहो अधिक भऽ गेल अछि । अहाँ घर पर रहु हम दुकान सम्भालि रहल छी । सुमनजी सोचैत छलाह जे हम अखन नीक जकाँ दुकान सम्भालि सकैत छी, मोहन हमरा मना कऽ अपने दुकान पर जायत छथि । अखन जौं दुकान पर रहितहुँ तऽ अपना मन सँ जे खर्चा होयत से करतहुँ । आब एक दिश बेटा दुकान पर कब्जा कऽ लेलक तऽ दोसर दिश एहि ठाम कनिया ठीक सँ खाना दैत छथि। ई सोचैत सोचैत हुनका आँखि सँ ढ़ब-ढ़ब नोर गिरऽ लागल । थोड़े देरक बाद सुमनजी के पिआस लागलनि तऽ भनसा घर मे पानि पिबाक लेल गेलाह ।गिलास मे पानि लेलथि मुदा पानि भरल गिलास हुनका हाथ सँ छूटि गेल । पानि फर्श पर बिखरि गेल । गिलासक आवाज सुनि मोहन दूनु प्राणी दौड़ि भनसा घर मे आबि मोहनक कनिया सुमनजी सँ कहलखिन जे अहाँक कतेक मना करैत छी जे अहाँ भनसा घर मे नहि आबू मुदा अहाँ तऽ कोनो बात मनबाक तैयार नहि रहैत छी ।

पूरा भनसा घर मे पानि फैल गेल अछि,अखन दाई सेहो आओत ई पानि आव कोना साफ होयत । मोहन कहऽ लागलखिन बाबुजी आव अहाँ ठीक सँ नहि देख पावैत छी । बिना मतलव भनसा घर मे आवि जायत छी । ई सुनी सुमनजी टूटि गेलाह । नोर सँ भरल आँखि नजरि झुका कऽ अपना कमरा मे चलि गेलाह आ किवाड़ बंद कऽ लेलनि । खाट पर बैसि अपना भाग्य पर सोचऽ लगलाह । एक दिश खाना नहि मिलल दोसरा दिश पानि सेहो नहि पीव सकलहुँ ।पियास अलगलाक कारण फेर हिम्मत कऽ ओ किवाड़ खोलि बाहर आवि अपन बालक मोहन सँ कहलखिन बौआ मोहन ! किछु खाना बनल अछि तऽ हमरा दऽ दिअ नहि तऽ एक गिलास पानि दिअ। मोहन एकटा बिस्कुटक पैकेट आ एक गिलास पानि देलखिन । पानि पीव ओ खाट पर बैसि गेलाह ।

खाट पर बैसल सुमन बाबूक ध्यान सोझा मे टाँगल सरस्वतीजीक फोटो पर आ ओकर नीचा मे पेटी पर गेल । ओ समय कटवाक उद्देश्य सँ पेटी मे सँ एलबम निकालैथि । एलबम निकालि फोटो देखऽ लगलाह । फोटो देख पेटी मे एलबम राखलथि । पेटी मे नुआ सव समेट रहल छलाह तऽ देखलखिन जे सरस्वतीजीक पर्स राखल अछि । पर्स खोललथि जे देखलखिन जे ओहि मे पाँच-पाँच सौ आ सौ-सौ टकाक किछु नोट छलनि।सुमन बाबू ओहि रुपया जेबी मे लऽ के घर सँ बाहर निकललाह । तखन मोहन बाबू दूनु प्राणी बैसल छलथि । दूनु मे सँ केओ नहि टोकलखिन जे अहाँ कतऽ जा रहल छी ? पहिल बेर मोहन बाबूक एहसास भेलनि जे आब हम आजाद छी ।ओ सोचैत छलाह जे आव घूरि के नहि जायव । सुमनजी के भूख लागल छलनि तें सबसँ पहिले एक ढ़ावा पर

बैंसि खाना खेलथि । तकर बाद ओ सोचलथि जे खाना खाय मे ई पाई सब खत्म भऽ जायत तें कोनो कारोबार कएल जाय । ओ बस पकड़ि शहरक थोक बाजार गेलाह । जाहि ठाम सँ चिप्स,नमकीन आ बिस्कुटक पैकेट खरीदलथि । रेलवे स्टेशन पर एकटा चटाई खरीद कऽ बैंसि गेलाह । स्टेशन पर धीरे-धीरे ओकर बिक्री होमय लागल । भरि दिन बेचला पर साँझ धरि एक सए टकाक मुनाफा भेलनि । हुनका मन मे शांति मिललैंन आ सोचैंत छलाह जे आव हमर दिन नीक सँ कटि जायत ।साँझ मे होटल मे खाना खा कऽ स्टेशनक रैंन बसेरा मे सुतवाक लेल चलि गेलाह । भिनसरे सुलभ शौंचालय मे दैंनिक दिनचर्या सँ निवृत्त भऽ सामान जे वांचल छल ओकर बेचि नाश्ताक लेल चलि गेलाह । नाश्ता करलाक उपरांत फेर थोक बाजार सँ सामान खरीद आनलथि आ अपन निश्चित स्थान पर बैंसि सामान बेचऽ लगलाह । आव सुमनजीक ई दिनचर्या भऽ गेल । सव दिन नाश्ता, दुपहरियाक खाना, रातिक खाना खा कऽ सामान समेटि रैंन बसेरा मे सुतवाक लेल चलि जायत छलाह।हुनक विनम्र स्वभाव आ ईमानदारी सँ लोकनि आकर्षित होयत छल । धीरे-धीरे बिक्री मे वृद्धि होमय लागल जाहि सँ आमदनी मे बढ़ोत्तरी भेला पर एकटा गुमटी खरीद कऽ गुमटी मे पानि आ फल सेहो राखऽ लागलथि । आब हुनकर दुकान नीक सँ चलऽ लागल ।दोसर दिश मोहन दूनु प्राणी बेखबर भऽ कखनहु हुनकर खोज बीन नहि केलखिन ।

सुमनजीक पोता रोहन विदेश मे पढ़ाई कऽ रहल छलाह । पढ़ाई पूरा कऽ ओहि ठाम नौंकरी करैंत छलाह । हुनका दादा-दादी सँ बड्ड

लगाव छलनि । दादा-दादी सँ मिलवाक इच्छा होयत छलैन मुदा छुट्टीक अभाव मे ओ गाम नहि आवैत छलाह । फोन पर माय-बाबुजी सँ दादा-दादीक हाल-चाल जानि लैत छलाह । दादीक देहावसान पर ओ गाम आयल छलाह । तकर बाद ओ फेर अपना काम पर चलि गेल छलाह । नेनपन मे दादा सदिखन हुनका कहैत छलखिन- वौआ अहाँ पैघ आदमी बनू मुदा अपन माटि नहि भुलायव । रोहन के अपन दादाजीक यादि आवैत छल । किछु महीना सँ रोहन माय सँ फोन कऽ दादाजीक हाल जानऽ चाहैत छलाह तऽ माय लाथ लगा दैत छलखिन । कखनहु कहैत छलखिन जे दादाजी सुतल छथि तऽ कखनहु कहैत छलखिन जे दादाजी कोनो संगीक घर गेल छथि ।रोहन दादाजीक बात सदिखन यादि राखैत छलाह जे गाम नहि छोड़वाक चाही । छुट्टी मिलला पर ओ गाम अवश्य आवैत छलाह । दादीक देहावसानक बाद रोहन अपन संगीक संग गाम आवैत छलाह । फ्लाइट सँ दिल्ली एलाह तकर बाद गामक लेल रेलगाड़ी पकड़लथि । स्टेशन सँ बाहर भाड़ाक गाड़ी करवाक लेल जायत छलाह कि हुनकर संगी कहलखिन जे रोहन ! देखू ओ गुमटी पर अहाँक दादाजी सनक केओ पानिक बोतल बेच रहल अछि ।पियास सेहो लागल अछि । चलू ओहि ठाम सँ पानिक बोतल लऽ लैत छी ।रोहन गुमटी पर एलाह तऽ हुनकर दिल धक सँ रहि गेल।समयक पहिया मानू रुकि गेल । रोहनक आँखि फटल के फटल रहि गेल । दौड़ के हुनका लग गेलाह आ गोर लागि कहलनि- दादू ! हमरा नहि पहचानहुँ, हम अहाँक कच्चू । सुमनजी कहलनि - आऊ ! आऊ ! हमर कच्चू ! कहु गाम कहिया एलहुँ । रोहन कहलखिन जे दादू अखन हम गाम पर कहाँ गेलहुँ अछि । हम तऽ अखन गाड़ी सँ उतरलहुँ

अछि । तऽ हमर संगी सुभाष कहलक जे हमरा अहाँक दादू जकाँ लागैत अछि। तहन हम एम्हर एलहुँ अछि ।सुमनजी कहलनि - अहाँ कुशल मंगल सँ छी ने ? रोहन कहलनि - हाँ दादू , हम तऽ ठीक सँ छी मुदा अहाँ एहि उमिर मे एहि ठाम गुमटी पर किए दुकान खोलने छी ? अहाँक तऽ घर पर रहवाक चाही । अहाँक ई सव करवाक किए जरूरत भेल ? माय-बाबुजी कतऽ छथि ? ओ अहाँ के नहि रोकलथि ? अपना पोताक मुँह सँ प्यार आ अपनापन भरल शब्द सुनि सुमनजीक सब्रक बांध टूटि गेल । ओ काँपैत आवाज मेअपना पर भेल एक-एक अत्याचारक कहानी हुनका कहलखिन । इ सुनि रोहनक पाइरक नीचाक जमीन खिसकि गेल । हुनकर माथ घूमऽ लागल । ओ सोचि रहल छलाह जे जाहि माय-बाबुजी के हम भगवानक दर्जा देने छी हुनकर ई करतूत हमरा समझ मे नहि आवि रहल अछि। आव रोहनक आँखि मे नोर नहि अपितु अंगार धधकि रहल छल ।रोहन ठानि लेलनि जे दादाजीक संग ओ सव एहन सलूक केलनि अछि ताहि लेल हुनका सवके सवक जरुर सिखायव । सवसँ पहिले ओ होटल मे एक कमरा बुक केलनि आ दादाजी सँ कहलखिन - दादू,अहाँ एहि ठाम रहु । हम तुरतहि लौट के आवि रहल छी ।आव अहाँ के अपमान नहि सहऽ पड़त ।रोहन स्टेशन पर किरायाक गाड़ी ठीक कऽ घर एलाह ।घर पहुँचला पर माय कहलखिन - अहाँ अचानक एलहुँ , हमरा सवके खबरि करितहुँ तऽ अपन गाड़ी भेज देतहुँ ।रोहन कहलनि - माय ! हम जौं पहिले बता देतहुँ तऽ ई सव आई हम नहि देख पवितहुँ जे हम अखन देख रहल छी ।रोहनक माय किछु नहि बुझलखिन ।ओ सुमनजी के जोर सँ कहलखिन - सुनै छी ! रोहन आयल अछि । सुमनजी खुशी सँ एलाह आ रोहन सँ कहालखिन - कुशल मंगल

सँ छी ने ? रोहन कहलनि - हाँ बाबुजी ! रोहन माय सँ पूछलखिन - माय ! दादू कहाँ छथिन हुनका नहि देख रहल छी ।ओ सुतल छथि की ? एहि पर हुनकर माय कहलनि - दादाजी शहर कोनो संगीक घर गेल छथि । घर पर सुतल-सुतल बोर भऽ रहल छलथि तऽ हमहि कहलहुँ जे बाबुजी कनि बाहर घूमि आवु तहन मन बहिल जाओत । राति मे फेर माय सँ पूछलखिन जे दादू नहि एलखिन तहन माय कहलखिन जे ओ संगीक घर पर रुकि गेल हेताह । भिनसरे रोहन उठि शहर गेलथि आ दादाजीक संग नाश्ता कऽ कहलखिन - दादू! घर पर चलु । सुमन जी कहलखिन - अहाँ जाऊ ! आव हम घर नहि जा चाहैत छी। एहि ठाम समय नीक सँ कटि जायत अछि । एहि रोहन कहलखिन - दादू ! अहाँ कतेक खून-पसीना बहा कऽ घर बनेने छी आ अहाँ घर छोड़ि देव । हमरा अछैत अहाँ गुमटी मे रहव, ई नहि भऽ सकैत अछि । चलु अहाँक संग हम चलैत छी । रोहन दादू के लऽ के पहिले थाना गेलथि, ओहि ठाम अपना माय -बाबुजीक विरुद्ध एकटा शिकायती पत्र दऽ घर आवि गेलाह । घर पर सुमनजी के देखि मोहन दूनु प्राणी अकचका गेलथि आ रोहन सँ कहलखिन - दादाजी अहाँक कोन ठाम मिललाह । रोहन गुस्सा सँ कहलखिन - माय-बाबुजी तऽ भगवानक रूप होयत अछि । मुदा अहाँ सव तऽ हैवानक रूप भऽ गेलहुँ अछि ।दादू के अहाँ सव एतेक कष्ट देलहुँ जे ओ गुमटी मे अपन समय काटि रहल छलाह । अहाँ सवहक जीवन पर लानत अछि । भगवान कखनहु अहाँ सव के माफ नहि करताह ।

थोड़ेक देर मे थाना सँ पुलिस आवि गेल। पुलिस देख मोहन दूनु

प्राणी काँपऽ लगलाह । पुलिस हुनका सँ कहलखिन जे अहाँ सवहक विरुद्ध एक शिकायती पत्र मिलल अछि,जेकर अनुसार अहाँ सव अपना बाबुजी के प्रताड़ित कऽ रहल छी । अहाँ सवहक लेल गिरफ्तारी वारंट आयल अछि । ई सुनि दूनु प्राणी अचंभित रहि गेलाह । मोहन बाबू सुमनजीक पाइर पर खसैत कहलखिन - बाबुजी, अहाँ अपन शिकायती पत्र वापस लऽ लिअ । अहाँ के कोनो तरहक दिक्कत नहि होयत जौं अहाँ अपन शिकायती पत्र वापस नहि लेव तहन हम कोनो गली मैं नहि रहव । सुमन बाबू बेटा-पुतोहुक आश्वासन पर अपन शिकायती पत्र वापस लैत पुलिस सँ कहलखिन जे ई दूनु प्राणी सुधरि जेताह तहन शिकायतक आवश्यकता अछि । एक मौका हिनका सवके देल जाऊ ।एहि पुलिस चेतावनी दैत कहलखिन - ठीक अछि, दोसर बेर जौं शिकायत मिलत तऽ ओ वापस नहि होयत । तकर बाद सुमनजी बेटा-पुतोहुक संग आराम सँ जीवन यापन करऽ लगलाह ।

अपन मंतव्य editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in पर पठाउ।

Maithili Literature in English Translation

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3.2.GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE- Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

3.3.World Peace- Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

3.1.The pod of a tree, Peerar- Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Dr Ram Ashish Singh (English Translation)

1.Lotus Root (Bisandh)/ 2.The Parched Seeds of Lily Fruits (Bhentak Lava)



Jagdish Prasad Mandal *(Original Maithili Short Story)*



Dr Ram Ashish Singh *(English Translation)*

English Translation of the Maithili Story The pod of a tree, Peerar

Original Author: Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal
English Translation: Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

The pod of a tree, Peerar

Round, green, and tender in abundance fruits hung along the branches as lush and bright as the leaves themselves. These were the pods of the Peerar trees. Five such trees stood in the village, old and majestic. The great mango, jamun, and shisham trees that grew later were said to have sprouted in their shade.

The eighty-year-old Kariya Baba would often say, “For as long as I can remember, those five trees have looked just the same. So many storms have struck, lightning has fallen again and again, yet not a twig of those five has ever broken.”

They were not very tall, perhaps ten yards at most, nor wide and sprawling like banyans. Their branches were close and compact, strong enough to block the light rain, not letting a single drop reach the soil below. Dense green leaves dressed each tree like a festival garland, and the sharp, neat thorns stood along the branches like silent guards. The leaves were broad and even, as if

carved from the petals of sacred lotus or the tanger flower. Their blossoms were just as beautiful.

Through hundreds of storms, rains, and summers, the five Peerar trees had stood together, never fighting for space, never shading one another out. Alike in height, colour, and grace, they seemed like five sisters in quiet companionship. When they bloomed, it felt as though each smiled at the other’s youth, laughing in the joy of shared life.

No one had ever cared for them, no one watered their roots, no one trimmed their branches, no one ever tended their growth. All sixteen signs of good fortune depended only on God’s care. Perhaps that was why the five trees stood proud and self-reliant, owing no debt of gratitude to anyone. Every day they smiled and swayed gently in the mild village breeze.

Each year the five trees would bloom together. Their flowers ripened into pods, then fell away. Afterward, the mature pods, having lived a full life, would invite the wind like a final guest and send it to summon the birds. The birds came, pecked the ripe fruits, and carried away the seeds. In this giving of themselves, the trees fulfilled their lifelong duty.

People avoided working the land beneath those trees, for it was believed that green serpents, called Sugba lived on

the trees. It was said to be so green and vine-like that no one could see it until it struck. Whoever was bitten by it, people believed, would find the gates of heaven and hell open before them, with nothing in between.

The northern part of the vast agricultural tract had once been guarded by an old couple, Ratna and his wife. Both had died two years earlier, and since then no one had dared to take the job. Everyone feared the Sugba snake that lived in the Peerar trees. Who would risk life and limb for a few handfuls of grain each year?

A year earlier, Pichkun had gone to Morang to find work. When drought came, even the farmers suffered, so what chance did the labourers have? Many evenings went by without a single hearth being lit. The poor sold their cows and goats; some went to Morang, some to Siliguri, others to Assam. Pichkun too had borrowed fifteen rupees from the caretaker young woman before leaving. Since then, the village had spoken of him as a man lost to debt.

Of the many men who had gone out to work, some reached Biratnagar, some Rangeli, some Siliguri, and some far into Assam. Everyone had given up Pichkun, thinking him a hopeless case, and begun to search for work.

Pichkun sat alone by the roadside near Itahari, under a tree just beyond the crossroads. He ate flattened rice and ghughni from a small leaf bowl. While eating, he saw

two men walking northward. Gathering his food quickly into the edge of his towel, he began following them, eating as he walked, listening to their talk, and joining their easy chatter as they went along the dusty path.

As they walked on, they reached near Dhankuta. The two men with whom Pichkun was travelling were farmers. One of them offered him work.

The man’s name was Mangat Ram. He and his wife employed more than fifty labourers. He owned a three-storied house built entirely of sal and timber. Some of his fields lay on the hills where he grew finger millet, foxtail millet, and other hardy grains. Around those plots he had planted lemon and orange trees as well.

When Pichkun looked up at the sunlight glimmering on the hills, the slopes appeared to him like a bleached desert. Everywhere he saw small trees, large trees, and layers of forested ridges. Watching it all, he thought he had stepped into another world. Yet because the path was known, he trusted that in three days’ time he could find his way home again.

The vast barns, the large straw piles and the huge sheds filled his heart with contentment. His employer was wealthy; his job felt secure. He thought, “He will never dismiss me. When I wish to visit home, I can go on leave and return. I have already learned the road.”

After a full year of labour, the longing to see his village grew strong. In all that time he had sent no money home. How could he have? He knew nothing of post offices, and no one travelled that route to carry news.

During that year he grew close to a young Tharu woman named Dhaniya, about eighteen or nineteen, a servant in Mangat Ram’s household. She agreed to travel back with him.

Before leaving, Pichkun bought a woolen sweater and a blanket for his mother, and for himself a pair of full trousers, a long-sleeved sweater, and another blanket. For his neighbours he bought oranges and lemons. He packed the clothes and fruit carefully in a bundle, tucked his money inside the pocket of his trousers, and wrapped the bundle with care. For the journey’s snacks he carried some puffed rice.

Dhaniya packed all her savings, clothes, and belongings that night. They did not dare to leave through the forest after dark, so they waited until dawn. As soon as the morning light appeared, both of them quietly set out with their bundles. They took the same road by which Pichkun had once travelled. Reaching Itahari, they boarded a bus, got down at Bathnaha, and continued on foot. Crossing the Kosi by boat, they walked to Nirmali and from there took a train to their village.

Pichkun wore full trousers, a shirt, and sandals. His hair was uncombed, a bundle slung over his shoulder. He walked ahead, Dhaniya followed behind. Reaching home, both bowed and touched his mother’s feet. The neighbours barely recognized him.

Inside the house, Pichkun removed his sandals near the hearth, untied his bundle, and quietly showed his mother the roll of rupee notes. The sight of the thick bundle made the old woman tremble with joy. She gathered all the clothes, pushed the money deep beneath them, and tied up the bundle again, placing it carefully in the corner of the loft. Dhaniya sat quietly in the veranda.

The mother looked toward her son and asked, “Who is this girl?”

Smiling, Pichkun replied, “Your daughter-in-law. I married her there.”

Within moments, women from nearby houses began to arrive to see the new bride. Pichkun’s mother gave each of them a lemon from the bundle. Pichkun took out a ten-rupee note and handed it to his mother, saying, “Mother, I am hungry. Go and buy some rice and spices from the shop. Cook first, then I will bathe. After three days of travel, my body feels heavy with sleep.”

The news of the new bride spread through the entire neighbourhood. Women came calling her to visit, and the

elders decided to arrange a small feast in honour of the wedding.

On the seventh evening after their arrival, Pichkun and Dhaniya went to visit Somni Dadi. The old woman was sitting in her courtyard, spreading a mat and playing with her grandchildren. Pichkun bowed and touched her feet, then gestured to Dhaniya to do the same. Dhaniya touched the grandmother’s feet and then sat at the corner of the mat. With a glance, Pichkun asked her to start pressing the old woman’s legs. As Dhaniya began to massage them, Pichkun said softly, “Dadi, everyone in the village had thought I was lost for good. But I had gone to Morang, worked for a year, earned something, and even got married there. Now we’ll stay here in the village. You are the eldest among us, give us your blessings.”

In the northern embankment lay the largest stretch of land belonging to Somni Dadi. For two years no one had watched over it. She asked Pichkun to take charge of its guarding, and also offered him five kathas of land to cultivate on share.

Seeing the chance for steady work, Pichkun agreed. The old woman gave him two bamboo poles for the hut, a bundle of straw, and a handful of rope to build it.

The next morning, Pichkun and Dhaniya went to the

northern embankment to mark the spot for their hut. They chose a slightly raised patch of land where rainwater never collected. Pichkun stood there, measuring and imagining the place.

Meanwhile Dhaniya’s eyes wandered toward the Peerar trees. She walked closer and began inspecting the pods. Seeing them hanging thick and heavy, she tore a strip from her sari, tied it around a branch, and climbed up the tree. The sight of the green, plump pods filled her with delight. She picked ten of them, each one shining and full like hidden coins newly unearthed from the earth.

While she worked, Pichkun started digging and levelling the ground with his spade. Dhaniya kept breaking off pods from the tree, her thoughts bright with hope, poverty turning toward fortune, hardship giving way to a faint light of prosperity. Her joy overflowed into song. She began to hum softly and called out to her husband, “Our fate has awakened! Look, the tree is full of ripe pods. Tomorrow we’ll pick them and take them to the market. They’ll sell for a good price.”

Pichkun did not understand. He did not believe her words. Irritated, he asked, “Do you even know what this is? If it were something people could eat, wouldn’t everyone have already taken them?”

But just as Dhaniya saw in the Peerar pods a sign of luck and renewal, Pichkun too felt happiness at his own fortune, the new job guarding the embankment and the five kathas of land for cultivation. So he decided not to quarrel and said gently, “I don’t know much about trading in the market. How will we sell them?”

Dhaniya was used to market work in her parents’ home. She knew every kind of farm labour and was equally skilled in raising ducks and hens and selling them in the bazaar. With that same boldness she said, “I’ll make a hook from a bamboo pole, pluck pods every day, and sell them in the market. You stay with me and watch.”

The month of Asin arrived. The rains stopped. It was the season of movement. The heavy monsoon had left the fields shining with green rice plants. Wherever the eye turned, the same lush green stretched endlessly. At sunrise, dew glistened on the leaves like pearls. The fields looked like brides in green saris and green blouses, wearing the morning light like a head ornament.

A soft east wind began to blow, spreading a gentle laziness through the air. Along the embankment, Pichkun dug three small channels for the rainwater to flow down into the lower fields. Then he blocked the ends to make little pools. As water collected, small fish leapt and fluttered in them.

Dhaniya would drain the pools and catch the fish. Pichkun carried them in a basket to sell at the market and even went around the village selling them door to door. One of the other fish sellers advised him to buy a bicycle, saying that carrying the basket on his head left the body smelling of fish.

The thought of a bicycle excited Pichkun, though he had never learned to ride one. For a moment he hesitated, then imagined himself pedalling slowly through the village, the basket tied behind him, selling fish with ease. That night, while returning from the market, he told Dhaniya, “We should buy a second-hand bicycle.”

Earnings always brought a spark of joy to Dhaniya. Smiling, she said, “Why second-hand? We’ll buy a new one.”

It was the time of Jitiya festival, when millet bread and fish were eaten in celebration. The day before, villagers had already given Pichkun baskets of fish to sell. Before dawn, he woke Dhaniya, saying eagerly, “I’ve already sorted all the fish from the pools.”

But Dhaniya, thinking it was only a dream, went back to sleep. In the darkness before dawn, Pichkun quietly lifted the baskets and nets and went to the fish pools. It was still too dark to see the fish clearly. Pichkun sat beside one pool, Dhaniya beside another. He lit a bidi and

smoked as they both began to gather the fish.
It was the day of Jitiya. People were eager for fish. Before long, men and women started arriving near the pools. With no weighing scale or balance, Pichkun began selling by estimation. The best of the fish sold quickly. They carried home the remaining catch and spread across the courtyard. More than half was still unsold.
Knowing that on a festival day one could not depend on the market alone, Pichkun said to his wife, “Cook the meal quickly. I’ll go sell the rest around the village.”
Dhaniya hurried to make flatbreads and fry the fish curry. After eating, Pichkun loaded the basket onto his bicycle and went door to door. By noon, every last fish was sold.
The sun blazed fiercely. On his way back, Pichkun stopped by the toddy shop. The place was crowded with tipsy men. There was hardly space to sit, so he bought a small pot of toddy and drank it standing. Then he paid and rode home.
From a distance, Dhaniya saw him pedalling the bicycle unsteadily and felt her heart twist. She had feared this, Pichkun had taken to toddy. She spread a mat and lay on the veranda, covering herself with a sheet, and began to weep.
When Pichkun entered the courtyard and saw her crying,

he went near and asked softly, “What happened, eh?”
Hearing his voice, Dhaniya wailed even louder. Bending down, Pichkun opened her mouth gently and asked again. Sniffling, Dhaniya said, “I’m dying! A deep pain has seized my chest. Go, bring mustard oil from the shop. Rub it all over me; only then will the pain leave.”
Staggering a little, Pichkun brought a bottle of oil from the shop and began to massage Dhaniya. Turning on her side, she made him rub her body thoroughly. When his hands began to ache, she said, “Now it feels lighter around the chest.”
The word lighter filled Pichkun with hope. He continued to massage her. Gradually his intoxication faded, and her anger too began to soften. He was relieved that his wife had survived; she was pleased that she had given him a good lesson for drinking toddy.
With the earnings of Asin and Kartik, the foundation of their life was laid. From Peerar pods to fish, everything brought profit. The man who had once lived a life poorer than cattle had finally stepped into the realm of human dignity. Just as humankind once lived in huts and now builds houses, Pichkun too began to dream of replacing his thatched hut with a small brick house.
There was still no sure source of drinking water, so the couple decided to make arrangements before the next

year. They had no bed, no utensils, yet they were content to plan gradually for each need.

The paddy in the embankment ripened beautifully. The fields gleamed with heads of grain, green, golden, red, and black. Pichkun and Dhaniya spent most of their days there, living in home only at night. If they stayed away, stray cattle and grass cutter women would destroy the crop.

Every evening Dhaniya visited old Somni Dadi, speaking joyfully about the ripening rice. The old woman blessed her from the heart.

By the time of the Sama festival, the crop was ready. Seeing the heavy panicles bending low, Dhaniya told her husband, “We should dig and clean around the roots of the Peerar trees, so that they bear well next year.”

Pichkun agreed. He carefully loosened the soil around each root and spread goat and sheep manure around the five trees. Then he poured two buckets of water at each trunk.

After fifteen days, the trees changed colour, bright green and fresh. New buds began to bloom at every tip.

Just as parents care tenderly for their children, the couple tended to those trees. And seeing such devotion, the five Peerar trees seemed, in their quiet, swaying way, to bless Pichkun and Dhaniya in return. θ

English Translation of the Maithili Story The Foundling Son

Original Author: Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal

English Translation: Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

The Foundling Son

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It was the third evening of the lunar fortnight. The moon of Chauth had not yet risen, but a pale glow had begun to spread from the east. In that quiet darkness, a young unmarried woman, fearing the gossip and shame of society, crept out and left her ten-day-old infant by the roadside. For nine days she had hidden the child, pretending illness to her family. But when the truth began to press upon her, she could no longer bear it. On the tenth day, she placed the baby at the edge of the path, covered it lightly, and hurried back home.

Five or seven minutes later, Gangaram was returning from the market. Suddenly he heard the cry of a newborn. His steps faltered. Standing still on the road, he listened carefully.

That was no sound of bird or beast, it was unmistakably

the cry of a human child.

Startled, Gangaram’s mind was filled with doubt. How could a baby’s voice be here, in such a place? There was no one in sight. He stood motionless like a stake driven into the ground, staring into the dim light. After a moment, he began to move slowly toward the sound.

It was too dark to see clearly. Around him, insects and tiny creatures sang their many-voiced songs—some calling to their mates, others humming in contentment—filling the embankment with restless murmurs.

At last, Gangaram reached the spot and saw the infant. One part of his mind said, yes, it’s a human baby. Another whispered, but how could a child have come here?

He set down the bag of vegetables he was carrying and gently placed his right hand on the baby’s small body. A chill ran through him; his whole skin bristled. Yet a strange warmth of joy rose within. Steadying himself, he lifted the baby in both arms, pressed it against his chest, and held it there. With one hand he brushed away the bits of grass and leaves clinging to its skin.

The child kept crying. Gangaram took off his shoulder cloth and wrapped the baby snugly in it. Slinging the vegetable bag over one shoulder, he carried the infant

against his chest and walked home through the deepening night.

Reaching home, Gangaram smiled and said to his wife, “Today God has been kind. He has given us a son.”

The words “given us a son” startled Bhuliya. She rushed forward, took the baby from her husband’s arms into her own, and stared at it closely. “Where did you find this child? Ah, what a beautiful boy he is! "

“I found him on the roadside while coming back from the market,” Gangaram said calmly. “Take care of him. If he is meant to be ours, he will live. If not, he will go back the way he came.”

Hearing this, Bhuliya’s mind began to race. We don’t have a cow or even a goat. How will we feed him milk? She herself could not nurse, for age had dried her body. A wave of helplessness rose in her, then faded. A thought struck her. My sister-in-law next door, still has a nursing child.

The thought lit a spark of hope. Bhuliya folded her hands toward the sky and murmured in gratitude, “O Lord, just as you make flowers bloom in a withered forest, you will surely arrange food for this child too.”

Gangaram was fifty, Bhuliya forty-eight, but the difference between them showed more than numbers. Gangaram still stood strong, while Bhuliya, wrinkled and

frail, looked past sixty. Yet as soon as she held the baby in her arms, a strange warmth flooded her veins. It was as if youth itself had returned. Her face glowed, her eyes came alive.

Their hearts filled with joy, bubbling like air trapped beneath water. To calm the crying child, Bhuliya pressed it to her breast. For a moment the baby grew quiet, then began to cry again, for no milk came.

Next door lived Gangaram’s younger brother, Rooplal. His wife, Kabutri, was nursing their own three-month-old baby. Hearing the wail, Bhuliya went over with the foundling in her arms.

Kabutri, seeing her neighbour carrying a crying infant, gently laid her own child on the cot, took the foundling in her lap, and offered it her breast. The hungry baby latched eagerly, sucking noisily. Watching this, Bhuliya said softly, her voice trembling with emotion, “May God bless you with seven more sons.”

Kabutri laughed at Bhuliya’s words and said, “I already have four of my own. If I manage to raise seven more, how will I ever keep up? Take back your blessing, sister. Whatever is written in my fate will be enough.”

Changing the subject, Kabutri added, “Sister, it is strange that in this old age your husband has got such a fine-looking son. He does not resemble either of you.

His eyes, his face, his nose, nothing matches. He looks nothing like Brother.”

Bhuliya frowned. “You never learned when to speak and when to stay silent. You have no sense of respect for elders or shame for what you say.”

Still smiling, Kabutri teased, “Come now, sister, what has happened to you? You scold me as if I were the one who caused it. If you two ever get another child, perhaps that one will resemble you.”

Bhuliya did not lose her temper. The child’s presence had softened her heart like water soaking dry earth. Looking tenderly at the sleeping baby, she said quietly, “Your brother found this child on the road while returning from the market.”

Kabutri replied sharply, “Then why does the foundling’s face resemble him so closely? He must be hiding something from us.”

Bhuliya, a little vexed, said, “All right then, let it be ours. At least now you can rest your tongue.”

Kabutri laughed again and said, “Sister, I will nurse this child just as I nurse my own. I will not let him go hungry. God has given me enough milk to feed both. It is a joy to see light enter your dark home.”

Hearing this, Bhuliya’s heart overflowed with gratitude. The hungry child drank his fill and soon fell asleep.

Kabutri laid him gently on the cot and said, “Let him stay here, sister. If he wakes in the night and cries, I will feed him again.”

“Very well,” Bhuliya said softly, and returned to her own courtyard.

She told her husband, “Now the child will live. The woman from Godhanpur has plenty of milk. She will raise both children.”

Gangaram looked toward the other house. The thought of the baby being fed elsewhere made his heart ache, but Bhuliya’s words calmed him. Still, a doubt lingered in his mind. He asked quietly, “Why did you leave the child there? Shouldn’t he be brought to our own courtyard? After all, he is ours now.”

Looking at her husband, Bhuliya said, “You are a man. How could you ever understand what a mother feels? Only a woman can know that. Once a mother presses a child to her breast, she can never again think of that child as anything but her own.”

Gangaram fell silent. A thought stirred in his mind, and he asked, “Since we are to be his parents now, shouldn’t we give him a name?”

Bhuliya smiled, and the image of the Chhath festival came to her mind. “Usually the women of the house gather and name a newborn together,” she said. “But

no such ceremony was held for this child. Let the two of us choose his name ourselves.”
Gangaram laughed softly. “Then call him Mangal,” he said.
Seven months passed. The boy began to teethe and soon could stand and toddle on his own. He started eating solid food and drinking water. The love that grew between the couple and the child became so deep that neither wanted to let him out of sight, even for a moment. Bhuliya stopped working as a field labourer. She began spinning thread in the veranda and selling it in the village. Though she owned no loom herself, she worked on others’ looms and earned a little money.
The couple felt young again. They worked the whole day without feeling tired. Whenever Mangal called her “Ma,” Bhuliya’s heart overflowed with joy, and she would lose herself in the sweetness of that word.
When Mangal turned five, his father enrolled him in the village school. He studied there through the fifth grade and was now ten years old. But by that time, Gangaram’s body had weakened so much that people no longer called him for labour work. Somehow, the couple managed their living by spinning and selling thread.
Life was growing heavy, but in ten-year-old Mangal’s mind, a spark of awareness had begun to shine, like the

sun rising in a child Hanuman's grasp. One day he said, "Baba, you and Ma cannot work as you used to. I want to open a tea stall. If you build me a small thatched shed on the road, I will run the shop."
The idea struck Gangaram's mind. But then he wondered, who in the village even drank tea? How would the shop run? Still, he built a small thatched stall for his son. There was a neem tree in their yard. He sold it for twenty-five rupees and used the money to buy the utensils needed for making tea.
Mangal opened his tea stall. It was the first of its kind in the village, and the first shop always has an advantage. At first, people hesitated, unsure about this new drink, but soon they began to like it. Gradually, the shop became popular, and the earnings were enough for the two of them to manage their living.
Within three years, both Gangaram and his wife passed away. While they were alive, no one in the village had ever spoken ill of Mangal. But after their deaths, murmurs began to spread, and people started looking at him differently. Yet, the sales at his shop did not decline, for tea had already become a habit among the villagers.
Even after running the shop, Mangal's thirst for learning remained alive. Whatever little money he could save, he spent on buying books, paper, and pens. He studied by

himself and practised writing every day.
Before his death, Gangaram had told Mangal the story of his birth. That story revealed to him how superstition and cruelty still clung to society like the roots of a weed. From then on, Mangal began to study not only books but also the ways of the world around him.
Running the tea stall gave him the gift of conversation. Sitting there, he learned to talk to people. In the evenings, after the rush of customers had thinned, Roopchan would come to the stall. Mangal would make two glasses of tea, and as soon as Roopchan drank, his mind would brighten.
Roopchan was the village storyteller, though a poor man. He had a few regular customers, but between them he would spend hours at the stall, spinning tales. He told a different story each time, sometimes of kings and queens, sometimes of lovers like Rani and Saranga, or Rajni and Sajni. Other days he spoke of Gonoo Jha, of the brave ballads of Alha and Rudal, or of Dina-Bhadri, Lorik, and Salhesh.
In this way, Mangal□s store of wisdom began to fill up with the knowledge of books, the knowledge of society, and the wisdom of folk tales. Whatever story he heard at night, he wrote down the next day whenever he found time. The more he wrote, the smoother his lines became,

and his curiosity grew stronger.

One afternoon, as the sun tilted westward, a man came to Mangal’s tea stall for a cup of tea. His appearance was simple, and he carried a leather bag in his hand. The man was the editor of a magazine called Bharat Jagaran. He had come to the village to study its condition and culture.

While talking with Mangal, the editor became completely absorbed. He felt as if his heart and Mangal’s heart had set out on the same journey together. When the trance broke, both of them laughed. The editor said, “Boy, make some tea. I have not had any all day. Tonight I will stay here and talk to you in detail.”

Mangal prepared tea, and they both drank together. After eating and drinking, they sat side by side late into the night, talking. Mangal placed before the editor all the stories he had written so far. The editor flipped through the pages. The language and style might not have been refined, but the themes touched his heart. Smiling, the editor said, “These are wonderful pieces. This is exactly what I came searching for.”

He opened his bag, took out some magazines and books, and said, “These contain the proper methods of writing. Study them carefully. Once you understand the foundation, write on that basis. I am an editor. I run a

monthly magazine. I will publish one of your stories every month and send you a copy.

For three or four hours, the editor explained everything to Mangal. The next morning, after tea, he left.

From that month onward, Mangal's stories began to appear regularly in the magazine. Among his many readers was a girl named Sunayana. She was pursuing her M.A. in philosophy. In the fifth issue, the editor also mentioned that Mangal was working on a novel titled The Dead Village.

The name stirred something inside Sunayana. Her heart danced. She thought, our country is a land of villages, and if the village itself is dead, what will become of the nation?

The idea struck Sunayana's mind like a spark. The same Sunayana who never spoke openly in front of her father was now ready to discuss the matter with him.

That evening, her father, Advocate Sahab, returned from court, drank his tea, and went for a walk. When he came back, he took out a case file to prepare for the next day's hearing. His wife brought him another cup of tea. As he sipped it and chewed his betel, Sunayana entered the room, sat on the chair in front of him, and said, Father, there is a question running in my mind. Could you please explain it?

“What is it?” he asked.

“I read in a magazine today that the village is truly dead. If the village is dead, and our country is made of villages, then what do we call the country?”

Advocate Sahab did not pay much attention to the seriousness of the question. He said lightly, “That is the concern of writers and thinkers. I have nothing to say on it.”

“But writers are also part of this same society,” Sunayana replied.“They live lives like everyone else. Then why would a writer write something like that?”

“The words of a writer can be understood only by another writer,” her father said.“I am a lawyer. I understand the law. Now go, I have to prepare a case.”

Sunayana rose quietly and went to her room. She sat down and began to think. In a country where there is no clean water to drink, no balanced food to eat, no proper clothing to wear, and no decent shelter to live in, what else can one call it but a dead land? People still drink impure water, somehow manage a few morsels, sit beneath trees to keep warm, and live surrounded by countless diseases. What can such a country be called?

And beyond all that, in a civilization thousands of years old, where the light of knowledge—symbolized by the goddess Saraswati—has still not reached every person,

what kind of nation is that? So many questions stood before her, shaking her mind. Lost in thought, she sat on the chair and drifted into deep reflection. At last, one decision settled in her mind: she would first read The Dead Village. But where could she find the book? Then another thought came. She would write to the author directly and ask for it. She took out the magazine, copied the writer’s address from it, and wrote it carefully on a small slip of paper.

The next day, Sunayana set out to find Mangal’s address. It was around nine in the morning. After serving the early customers, Mangal had arranged the kettle, teapot, saucepan, and glasses in front of the stall. He was cleaning the hearth and clearing out the ashes.

Sunayana came to the tea stall because it was the place where one could easily find anyone in the village. Reaching the stall, she asked, “Could you tell me where I might find a man named Mangal in this village?”

Hearing his own name, Mangal was startled, but he stayed silent. It was as if he were searching for himself through her eyes. Sunayana sensed it too. After a moment of silence, Mangal spoke, “Sister, if Mangal lives in this village, I will certainly help you find him. But since you have come all the way here, how can you leave without tea? Please sit down. This is Mithila, after all.

Here, welcoming a guest is as natural as welcoming one’s own family.”

Hearing his words, Sunayana felt as if a thirsty traveller had suddenly found cool water. She sat on a bench made of split bamboo.

Mangal washed his hands, cleaned the small pan, lit the fire, and began to make tea. As Sunayana stood up from the bench to come closer to the hearth, the edge of her kurti caught on a bamboo splinter and tore slightly. She did not bother about it and quietly sat near Mangal.

Seeing her sit beside him, Mangal asked, “What brings you to Mangal?”

Sunayana replied, “Mangal is a writer. He has written a novel called The Dead Village. I tried to find it in the market but could not, so I came to locate the author himself.”

Mangal let out a long breath and said softly, “And how do you know Mangal?”

“I read his stories in Bharat Jagaran,” Sunayana replied. “There I came across a mention of his novel The Dead Village. I wanted to read it, so I came here.”

Mangal understood everything. His heart overflowed with quiet joy. He thought, to quench someone’s thirst is as necessary as feeding the hungry. But I have only one copy of the manuscript I’ve written. If I give it away, a

whole year’s labour will be lost. Yet not giving it would be a greater sin.
Then another thought came: I could tell her that once my circumstances improve, I will have it printed. For now, there is only this one copy. Yes, once it is published, I will surely send her one. Until then, she can stay here and read it.
By then the tea was ready. They both drank together. After finishing her tea, Sunayana said, “Please give me Mangal’s address.”
Surprised, Mangal replied, “My name is Mangal. I am the one who wrote that novel. But it has not been printed yet. Only this handwritten copy exists. I would request you to read it here. When it is published, I will make sure you get your own copy.”
Sunayana was astonished. She looked at Mangal from head to toe. His face was darkened by smoke from the hearth; his clothes were coarse and faded like old rags. Poverty seemed to shine from every part of his body. Seeing him like that, her eyes were filled with tears. Wiping them quietly, she said, “I cannot read the novel here. Reading a book means understanding it deeply, and that cannot be done in haste.”
The sincerity of her tone touched Mangal deeply. He looked at her, and in her eyes he saw a hunger for

knowledge. He thought, I wrote this for others. When it is published, it will reach thousands of hands. For now, it will reach one reader. That is enough.

Just then, Sunayana said softly, “If I take the copy with me, I promise to return it after reading. There is no chance of it being lost. I only wish to read it peacefully, but I must return home before sunset.”

Mangal’s heart melted with affection. He said, “Very well, I will give you the book. The rest is in your hands.”

The moment the book touched her palms, joy lit her face. She glanced at its pages, then looked up at Mangal and smiled. For a brief moment, Mangal read her heart as she read his.

Smiling, Sunayana took her leave and walked away.

Sunayana completed her M.A. with distinction. Her father, Advocate Sahab, was a strong supporter of women’s rights, yet his thoughts often drifted to one realization: women are bound not by one or two chains but by the entire structure of life itself. Breaking those chains would demand struggle, sometimes intellectual, sometimes physical.

Lost in such reflections, Advocate Sahab sat in his chair one evening. His wife entered with a cup of tea, placed it on the table, and sat beside him.

“It is good that Sunayana was born into an educated

family like ours,” she said. “Had she been born in a farmer’s house, people would never have let her live so freely.”

Taking a slow sip of tea, Advocate Sahab said, “Please speak clearly. What do you mean to say?”

“I mean you should get Sunayana married. Manoj will stay with us; he is the son, the support. But arranging a son’s and a daughter’s marriage is every parent’s duty.”

“I have a new idea,” he replied after a pause. “What if we ask Sunayana’s opinion too?”

His wife flared up immediately. “What will people say? Have you ever seen any parent asking their son or daughter before fixing a marriage?”

Hearing her words, Advocate Sahab thought silently. It struck him that not only men but women too often conspire, knowingly or unknowingly, to keep women bound. What a strange trap this is, woven by both hands.

He kept his thoughts to himself and called, “Sunayana!”

She came out from her room and sat on the chair before them. Her eyes went to her mother first; her mother looked sharply toward her husband.

Advocate Sahab spoke in a calm, measured tone. “Daughter, you have now completed your M.A. It is

every parent's responsibility to see their children settled in marriage. I too wish to fulfill that duty. Do you have anything to say about it?"

Hearing her father's words, a tremor ran through Sunayana's body. Yet beneath that tremor, a quiet strength stirred. Speaking softly but with conviction, she said, "Father, marriage is indeed a necessary process for both man and woman. It sustains the cycle of creation itself. But the question is- what kind of marriage? What we see around us today, ninety or ninety-five percent of it, is mismatched. Some are arranged for wealth, some for dowry, some for caste or lineage, and some for mere convenience. In my view, marriage should be based on the union of minds. Only then will it be lasting and joyful."

Before she could finish, her mother burst in, visibly agitated.

"Daughter, in Mithila our tradition has always been that such matters are decided by parents, not by sons or daughters. If children start deciding their own marriages, society will collapse."

Sunayana replied calmly, "That is a fine thing to say, Mother. But along with preserving tradition, we must also see the flaws it hides."

Advocate Sahab sat silently, his hand covering his mouth,

listening to both sides. Sunayana’s reasoning began to unsettle her mother, yet she refused to yield.
Seeking balance, Advocate Sahab said gently, “All right, daughter, tell me your view clearly.”
Sunayana asked, “Father, how much do you plan to spend on my marriage?”
The question startled him. But regaining composure, he replied in a low voice, “You already know my means, child. But whatever is within them, I will not be miserly. The little we have belongs to both you and your brother.”
Hearing her father, Sunayana spoke with quiet determination, her voice steady yet full of warmth.
“Father, greatness does not come from wealth or the body. A person becomes great through knowledge and duty. Every woman wishes for a life partner who is wise and hardworking. I am not giving you a final decision today, but I will say this much, there is a man named Mangal in Sonepur who runs a small tea stall. He has no one of his own. Yet his work and intellect will one day make him known to the world as a great writer. Poverty has trapped him deeply, but if someone helps him rise above it, he will shine in the sky like the rising sun.”
Advocate Sahab listened quietly, then said, “Daughter, if your heart truly feels for him, I have no objection. But think carefully while there’s still time.”

Sunayana replied, “There may be many differences between us, but our souls are equal. I too wish to write about the condition of women, because the injustice done to them from ages past still shakes my heart. Even the most beautiful things in the world seem dull before that pain.”

Advocate Sahab nodded slowly.

“Very well, I accept your thought. Go and see for yourself how much help Mangal needs to stand on his feet. I will provide whatever support is required.”

Hearing her father’s words, Sunayana smiled and quietly returned to her room. Advocate Sahab sat deep in thought, reflecting on his daughter’s conviction, while his wife’s anger kept growing stronger.

अपन मंतव्य editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in **पर पठाउ।**

3.2.GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE- Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE

Dr. Ram Ashish Singh



Glimpses of Rural Life is the result of my longstanding engagement with the literary universe of Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal. Translating Gamak Jingi into English has been both an intellectual responsibility and a personal journey. This collection represents a world I have known intimately as a student of literature, a teacher, and a reader shaped by the landscapes of Mithila.

Rural life may appear modest from a distance, yet when one approaches it with patience and a discerning eye, it

reveals astonishing variety, emotional depth, and cultural richness. These stories have always carried a quiet radiance in the original. My task has been to convey that radiance to readers who may not know the language in which it was born.

Here is what truly matters: translation is not a mechanical act of substituting one language for another. It is an attempt to preserve a world. It demands attentive listening, humility, and emotional intuition. These stories do not merely depict rural life; they emerge from a specific geography, from the diction of everyday labour, from rituals and memories, from rivers that flood without warning, and from droughts that linger for years. Each narrative grows from the soil of lived experience, not from abstract imagination. Translating them into English without weakening their rhythm, emotion, or cultural texture has been a demanding yet rewarding endeavour.

My first encounter with these stories was as a reader moved by their honesty. Mandal neither embellishes nor sentimentalises. He observes. He recognises the dignity of labour, the quiet heroism of women, the complex dynamics within families, and the weariness that stems from decades of environmental uncertainty. Floods,

droughts, soil erosion, and migration are not mere dramatic backdrops in his writing—they are the very conditions under which life is forged.

In translating him, I wanted the English reader to feel this pulse: the sense that rural life is not static, but in continuous negotiation with change.

What strikes me most about these stories is their moral clarity. They do not preach or offer solutions. Instead, they allow the reader to witness how ordinary people create meaning in harsh circumstances. The characters seldom have material resources. They are rarely protected by institutions. Yet they possess something deeper: resilience, humour, affection, and an unshaken sense of dignity. Their struggles are real, their hopes fragile and their efforts extraordinary.

This collection reveals a world where labour is not an abstract concept but a daily discipline. People earn with their hands—not out of choice, but because it is often the only path available. They work in fields, ponds, forests, and on construction sites. They migrate to cities and pull carts. They dig roots from parched ponds, roast

seeds into edible food, pound grain, stitch clothes, and sell lime, fish, and earthenware. These stories bring such forms of labour to the reader’s attention not through statistics or social commentary, but through intimate portraits of individual lives.

Another hallmark of Mandal’s writing is his portrayal of women. Their presence is not marginal—it is central. The women in these stories are not defined by suffering, even when they suffer. They hold households together. They think ahead. They turn scarcity into opportunity. They negotiate with landlords, contractors, and market forces. They confront social stigma with courage. Their labour, often unseen, forms the invisible backbone of entire communities. As a translator, I have tried to retain their emotional cadence without softening the hardships they endure.

The ecological dimension of these stories is equally vital. Rural Mithila has always existed in a delicate balance with Nature. When rivers swell, they swallow entire villages. When drought lingers, it drains the land of life. When the Kosi or Kamla rivers shift course, once-fertile fields turn barren. Mandal’s stories recognise the deep connection between environment and human emotion.

People do not merely endure natural disasters—they interpret them. They pray. They rebuild homes on elevated mounds. They search for edible plants. They dig new wells. They survive. This ecological sensibility is one reason his stories feel both deeply rooted and universally resonant.

While translating, I often reflected on how contemporary readers might connect with these narratives. Much of modern literature—particularly in English—rarely portrays rural life with such depth and clarity. Urban concerns tend to dominate the literary imagination. Yet the moral and ecological questions raised in these stories remain profoundly relevant. Whether one lives in a city or a village, the fragility of livelihood, the burden of migration, the exploitation within labour economies, and the aspirations of youth resonate across contexts. Mandal’s stories speak to conditions that extend far beyond Mithila.

My aim, therefore, has been to maintain linguistic simplicity while allowing emotional complexity to emerge. Mandal’s Maithili is economical—rich in cadence, restraint, and power. English, when approached with

equal care, can convey these qualities. I avoided excessive ornamentation and resisted the impulse to explain cultural details within the narrative. Instead, I allowed the stories to speak through their own internal logic. I believe readers are capable of learning a world by walking slowly through its paths. This preface is an invitation to that walk.

Before presenting a story-wise overview, I must acknowledge something essential: translation is a bridge. But every bridge must rest on two firm pillars. One is the original author, whose vision and integrity make translation possible. The other is the reader, who completes the circle by giving the translated work new life. If this translation succeeds in bringing readers closer to Mandal's world, the credit belongs to both.

What follows is a detailed, sequential introduction to each story in the collection. These insights aim to illuminate narrative patterns, thematic resonances, and emotional undercurrents, drawing from my reading experience and my work with the text during translation.

STORY-WISE CRITICAL OVERVIEW

The Parched Seeds of Lily Fruits (Bhentak Lava) presents a striking portrait of resilience shaped by disaster. Set in a flood-ravaged village of Mithila, the story follows Musna and Jeebchi as their world collapses. While Musna sinks into despair, Jeebchi discovers possibility. Her finding of bhentak lava—the roasted seeds of wild lily pods—transforms scarcity into sustenance and grief into renewal. Through her steady labour, the household rises again, and the fragrance of roasted seeds becomes a quiet declaration of hope.

Mandal’s narrative honours the often-unrecognised strength of rural women who rebuild life with intelligence, faith, and unwavering patience. The domestic sphere—frequently overlooked—emerges as a site of creativity and rebirth. Jeebchi embodies a truth central to Mandal’s social vision: in moments of crisis, courage often appears in the gentlest hands. Ultimately, the story

reveals survival as an imaginative act, where dignity grows from the simplest forms of labour.

Lotus Root (Bisandh) portrays a Mithila village pushed to the brink of extinction after four relentless years of drought. Fields crack, ponds vanish, livestock perish, and the social fabric begins to fray under the weight of hunger. Yet the story is not merely a record of devastation—it follows Doman and Sugiya, whose quiet resilience offers a counterpoint to the village’s despair.

Doman, a landless labourer, embodies endurance without complaint. He works with unwavering discipline, even as fear gnaws at him. Sugiya, steady and practical, becomes the emotional centre of the household. Her acceptance of circumstance is not resignation but a form of inner equilibrium that prevents collapse. Through her, the household preserves dignity, even when the world seems hollow.

The turning point arrives when Doman recalls an earlier drought and the hidden bisandh in the great pond’s

parched bed. Memory becomes a guide to survival. Digging into the cracked earth, the couple uncovers lotus roots and fish—symbols of life persisting invisibly beneath barrenness.

The story offers a profound meditation on resilience. Labour restores direction, faith renews strength, and memory rekindles hope. Even in the harshest drought, the earth—like the human spirit—retains a hidden reserve of sustenance for those who continue to seek it.

***The Pod of a Tree, Peerar** opens with the serene presence of five ancient Peerar trees—symbols of a natural order that endures without human intervention. Their quiet harmony contrasts with the turbulent lives of villagers struggling against poverty and drought. Into this fragile world return Pichkun, a migrant labourer, and his new bride, Dhaniya, whose energy and instinct for opportunity begin to alter the course of their lives.*

Dhaniya stands at the heart of the narrative. Her confidence, market acumen, and courage transform

Peerar pods into a source of livelihood. Where others see danger in the Sugba serpent and avoid the trees, she recognises possibility. Her actions□from climbing the trees to managing their modest earnings□reveal a steady intelligence that reshapes the couple□s future.

The emotional strength of the story lies in the partnership between Pichkun and Dhaniya. Their companionship, patient labour, and mutual trust create a new foundation for dignity. Episodes such as the fish harvest, the bicycle purchase, and Dhaniya□s gentle firmness in confronting Pichkun□s toddy habit illustrate how affection and discipline coexist in rural survival.

With Somni Dadi□s blessings and Munesari□s support, the story affirms that resilience grows where labour, community, and hope converge. Like the Peerar trees, the couple learn to thrive through grounded strength and quiet perseverance.

The Foundling Son begins with the haunting image of an infant abandoned in darkness□a moment that lays bare the cruelty born of social shame. This bleak act is immediately countered by Gangaram□s compassion. Poor,

ageing, and exhausted, he chooses responsibility the instant he hears the child’s cry. The foundling becomes a blessing rather than a burden, and the story’s central tension emerges between society’s moral failure and the quiet courage of individuals.

Gangaram and Bhuliya embody a form of parenthood rooted in care rather than blood. With no wealth or livestock, they still offer the child what he was denied at birth: a sense of belonging. Kabutri’s willingness to nurse him completes a circle of communal motherhood. The narrative insists that motherhood is defined by action and emotional truth, not biology alone.

As Mangal grows, the story expands beyond physical survival into intellectual awakening. He runs a tea stall, reads voraciously, absorbs Roopchan’s folk wisdom, and eventually writes The Dead Village—a perceptive critique of rural decay. Sunayana’s recognition of his work connects two different social worlds and challenges entrenched norms of caste and gender. Her choice of Mangal marks a union based on conscience and intellect.

Through this journey, the story affirms that renewal can

emerge from the most neglected lives�when empathy, knowledge, and moral strength converge.

Two Paise follows the delicate journey of Fekua, a poor village boy whose dreams lead him to the city and bring him back with almost nothing. What begins as a simple tale of migration evolves into a nuanced exploration of how poverty shapes imagination, self-worth, and the longing for home.

Fekua departs for Delhi with childlike excitement, knowing little of the demands of urban life. His innocence is anchored by the quiet, steadfast love of his mother, Ramsunnair, whose labour and faith form the emotional core of the story. Though she cannot read or write, her affection offers him a moral compass no city can replace.

Through Ratna, the narrative reveals the harshness of urban labour and the ease with which migrants fall into exploitation. Fekua learns tailoring, works hard, and briefly tastes pride�but ambition grows faster than

discipline. His grand promises to his mother go unfulfilled, and the city gradually wears down his confidence.

The story’s most poignant tension lies between Ramsunnair’s hopeful imagination and the grim truth of her son’s urban struggle. Her dreams expand even as his collapse. When Fekua finally returns home, it is not in defeat, but in the recognition that dignity often survives only where love and belonging endure. The story becomes a gentle yet piercing reflection on aspiration, failure, and the quiet strength of maternal faith.

The Wage-Earning Woman, Marni presents a compelling exploration of how poverty, labour, gender, and structural inequality shape the life of one woman and, through her, influence the moral fabric of an entire village. Chatoni—a settlement without land or official status—survives through solidarity, in stark contrast to the pride and self-sufficiency of larger villages.

Within this setting emerges Marni, a woman whose life has been scarred by profound loss. A lightning strike kills

Subadh, Manohar, and Taunki; leaving her solely responsible for raising two young grandchildren.

Yet the narrative does not linger on grief. Instead, it portrays tragedy as the crucible that forges Marni’s inner strength. Transitioning from agricultural work to construction, she takes up tools traditionally associated with men, rejecting the gender roles that seek to constrain her. Her journey reveals the contradictions of rural development: while road construction is meant to uplift the poor, it dismantles traditional labour systems and brings new forms of exploitation. The contractor’s clerk represents a system in which survival becomes the only wage.

Marni’s refusal to bow to social humiliation—or to submit to the authority of soldiers and contractors—forms the moral backbone of the story. Her quiet dignity unsettles those who expect compliance. Ultimately, the narrative serves as an indictment of a society built on invisible labour. Marni stands as a symbol of unacknowledged resilience, a reminder that true development rests on the shoulders of those whom progress leaves behind.

Defeat and Victory captures the emotional and economic journey of a potter□s family uprooted by river erosion and the slow collapse of traditional craftsmanship. The opening scene□where Soman and Kapli sit beside their bundles, unable to move□symbolizes a profound rupture between their past and an uncertain future. The submersion of Maircha by the Kosi River becomes a powerful reminder that ecological disaster erodes not only land but also cultural identity.

Phulchan Pandit, the guardian of an artisan legacy, owns no land but carries with him the enduring skill of pottery□his family's final anchor. In Lachhmipur, the villagers□ warm reception and the building of the family□s first home reflect a cooperative spirit that once defined rural life.

Soman□s labour, displayed in a yard full of pots, lamps, toys, and ritual vessels, represents the dignity of skilled craftsmanship. Yet Mandal resists romanticizing tradition. The introduction of metal utensils and asbestos roofs marks the decline of clay-based crafts, pushing

Soman and Kapli toward hunger and despair.

The narrative takes a turn with the return of Ramdat, their long-lost son. Gifted in idol-making and decorative arts, he reimagines the ancestral craft to suit modern demands. His success underscores the central message of the story: defeat meets those who resist change, but victory belongs to those who adapt. Through Ramdat, the family rediscovers livelihood, pride, and a renewed sense of heritage.

***The Cart-Puller** offers a deeply moving portrait of labour, displacement, and the unspoken heroism found in ordinary lives. Bhola, born into neglect and scarred by repeated rejection, grows up without protection or affection. His mother dies early, his father remarries, and even minor mistakes invite beatings. When his marriage eventually collapses under the weight of village prejudice, Bhola leaves home—not in pursuit of ambition, but simply to escape humiliation.*

Calcutta becomes the unexpected setting for his renewal. Though the city overwhelms him at first, it is among fellow migrants that he finds his first true sense of belonging. The dharamshala offers community, food, and dignity. Pulling a cart is grueling and thankless, yet the narrative frames it as a kind of rebirth. Through physical labour, Bhola discovers purpose. Every rupee he earns becomes a building block in the future of his children, Ratan and Lal—whose education stands as the clearest testament to his sacrifice.

The ethical core of the story lies in the sons’ response. Their academic success is not merely a triumph of education but the harvest of their father’s endurance. Their decision to bring Bhola home reflects a deep understanding that dignity must be reciprocated. The story ends not with dramatic victory, but with quiet fulfillment: Bhola’s life, shaped by hardship, becomes the fertile ground from which gratitude, humility, and new aspirations grow.

__Livelihood__ is a sharp exploration of work, morality, and survival within a corrupt social order. Through the contrasting lives of Shobhakant and Umakant, the story examines two divergent paths to earning a living. Shobhakant, forced out of school by poverty, arrives in the city without a plan but refuses any work that would compromise his dignity. His apprenticeship at a bicycle shop becomes his true education. Over time, humility and skill elevate him—from mechanic to tempo driver to eventual owner. His journey demonstrates that self-respect and craftsmanship can forge an honest livelihood, even in unforgiving conditions.

Umakant embodies the anxiety of educated yet unemployed rural youth. His degree yields no opportunities, and society ridicules educated men who return to farming. This disdain for manual labour is one of the story's most incisive critiques. Pressured to pay bribes for a government job, Umakant nearly abandons his principles. His wife's pragmatic reasoning underscores the painful truth: corruption becomes normalized when survival is on the line.

Through Mishrilal's reflections, the story charts the layered nature of corruption—in banks, warehouses, block

offices, and ration systems—exposing a world where honesty is systematically punished. Yet the final metaphor of the mango tree reminds us that ethical choices, though constrained, remain possible. Umakant's decision to leave the dealership and become a tempo driver marks a quiet yet meaningful victory of labour over moral compromise.

***The Rickshaw Puller** weaves together the intersecting lives of Jibach, Bachanu, Saradha, and the kiln workers Mahakant and Ragini to interrogate what freedom, dignity, and a "better life" truly mean. Jibach returns from Bombay dressed in urban glamour, but beneath the surface, he is restless, dependent on alcohol, and driven more by consumption than purpose. In contrast, Bachanu represents a rough, unpolished integrity. He pulls a rickshaw during the monsoons, works at a brick kiln in the dry season, and consistently puts his children's nourishment above his own comfort. He refuses stolen income, avoids driving while drunk, and follows a personal*

moral code that gives him inner strength.

The story opens with scenes of drinking, gambling, and reckless spending, highlighting how easily such integrity can erode. Yet a quiet moment on the cement platform□where Bachanu feeds his family before taking his first sip□reveals a richness of life absent in the □modern□ characters. His world is unforgiving, but not empty.

Ragini□s monologue serves as the emotional foundation of the story. Though educated and financially secure, she remains confined, isolated, and voiceless within her marriage. Her realization that Bachanu is, in many ways, freer than she is, stops traditional social hierarchies. Through these intertwined lives, the story critiques privilege and gendered power, ultimately suggesting that real freedom lies in self-respect, purposeful labour, and the courage to live without fear.

The Lime Hawker is a subtle, finely layered exploration of labour, dignity, and the quiet transformation of rural life. Through Makhni and her family, the story traces how a woman-centered traditional occupation adapts to

shifting economic pressures while retaining a core of tenderness and moral intimacy.

The narrative opens with Makhni’s fall on the stairs—a moment that symbolically marks the end of an era. Her injury necessitates a reorganization of the household, and the reactions of Phuliya, Kabutariya, and Matkuria reveal the nuanced dynamics of real family life, where affection and self-interest coexist. Phuliya senses a new authority, Kabutariya yearns to inherit her grandmother’s ritual knowledge, and Matkuria feels relieved that his ageing mother will no longer carry heavy loads.

The extended reflection on the lime trade functions almost as a piece of social history. Once a hereditary occupation sustained by barter, trust, and memory, it represents a moral economy where livelihood and relationship were inseparable. But with the arrival of stone-lime, cash transactions, and expanding markets, this intimacy begins to fray. Change brings financial gain, but weakens older networks of reciprocity.

Yet the story closes with a quiet gesture of renewal. In the Phagun dusk, Matkuria lifts the basket from

Phuliya's head onto his own. No words are spoken. The act embodies shared labour, recognition, and partnership. Through this simple moment, the narrative affirms that true livelihood lies not only in commerce, but in the mutual carrying of burdens.

Division of the Ancestral Homestead *transforms a seemingly minor village event—the partition of five kathas of inherited homestead land—into a powerful critique of moral decline, shifting values, and the enduring ethical core of rural life. What begins as a routine logistical matter gradually reveals a deeper conflict between inherited wisdom and the corrosive habits learned in the city.*

Shrikant and Mukund, returning to the village after long years in government service, embody this tension. Their pursuit of prestige, subtle rivalry, and efforts to manipulate the land survey reflect an urban mindset in which influence outweighs fairness and personal gain overrides collective memory. Their distance from the village is not geographical but ethical.

In contrast stand the village elders, who uphold an older moral order. Guru Kaka’s recollections of Vaidikji, Jogindar, Mahavir, and Khaliqa evoke a world where responsibility, artistry, and courage once shaped communal life. Ramchandra, the young surveyor, restores balance by measuring the land exactly as it lies, refusing to yield to either brother’s unspoken pressure.

The story balances wit with quiet sadness. The discreet maneuvering of Buchai and Sarup exposes the vanity of the educated brothers, yet their isolation also evokes sympathy. The final, fair division becomes a moment of moral resolution, affirming that true order arises not from wealth or influence, but from justice and shared ethical principles.

Brotherhood is a profoundly humane narrative that delicately traces the threads of family, sacrifice, and moral choice. At its heart is Dinanath, a boy raised in poverty but fortified by the quiet courage of his parents, Ramkhelawan and Sumitra. Their sacrifices—his mother parting with her nose-ring, his father working beyond his

means—are modest in scale but monumental in meaning. In poor households, the story suggests, every gesture becomes a promise toward a better future.

The narrative takes a dramatic turn when Ramkhelawan suffers paralysis. In that moment, Dinanath abandons his education to support the family—not out of resignation, but as an ethical choice grounded in love and responsibility. His act reveals the story's central insight: responsibility is a form of heroism. The steady support of his maternal uncle further underscores the enduring strength of extended kinship in village life.

Dinanath's marriage to Sushila and his slow, determined rise through labour in the rice-husking trade present an alternative model of progress—one built on perseverance rather than ambition. This stands in stark contrast to his younger brother, Kusumlal, whose education leads not to wisdom, but to detachment, indulgence, and eventual self-destruction. His decision to sell ancestral land marks his moral decline, and his lonely death lays bare the fragility of success when severed from duty.

In the closing scene, as Dinanath holds the dying

Kusumlal and calls him “Brother,” the story’s moral centre is restored. Brotherhood is shown to arise not merely from shared blood, but from compassion, loyalty, and the courage to forgive.

Sister *begins with the quiet decline of Sarojini, an elderly mother, yet the real drama unfolds around those tasked with honouring her final days. The story becomes a mirror reflecting loyalty, kinship, and the fragile ethics that bind families together.*

Radheshyam and his wife Ragini anchor the narrative. Their acceptance of caregiving is immediate, driven by both love and the awareness that in village life, reputation often outlasts a lifetime. A parent's death—especially if neglected—can leave a permanent stain on a household's name. The emotional burden they bear is thus both private and communal.

The three daughters reveal the modern fractures within familial ties. Gauri and Sunita return without hesitation, acknowledging that certain duties transcend distance and convenience. Rita’s absence, by contrast, exposes a harsher truth: ambition and urban life can stretch bonds until they thin into justifications. Her failure to return wounds Radheshyam deeply, prompting his anguished declaration that sibling ties end with their mother’s death.

The story’s most striking moment arrives when Shabana, the Muslim neighbour intimately entwined with the family’s past, arrives at night despite the dangers on the road. Her presence quietly redefines what it means to be a "sister." Kinship, the narrative suggests, is shaped not by blood, but by courage, memory, and the instinct to stand beside someone in their hardest hour.

In the end, **Sister** poses a simple yet piercing question: when the hour of truth arrives, who stays—and who quietly walks away?

Match-seeker’s Visit transforms an ordinary social occasion into an intimate exploration of rural honour,

economic pressure, and a widow’s layered fears. Lukhiya begins her day facing torn thatch, broken boundaries, and rainwater pooling in her courtyard. These are not merely signs of poverty—they reflect her deeper anxiety: that visitors will judge her home, her son, and ultimately her own worth as a widow striving to maintain dignity.

Everything around her becomes symbolically charged. A simple meal of rice and coarse lentils, an improvised curtain, even the utensils reserved for guests—all carry the weight of family reputation. Her irritation with Nagesar masks a deeper fear: that society attributes every household flaw to a woman’s supposed inadequacy, especially when no man stands beside her.

Nagesar’s steady, measured presence gradually softens the tension. His belief that affection, not extravagance, defines respect allows the narrative to shift from anxiety to quiet clarity.

Meanwhile, Domon and Buchan’s walk across the embankment reveals another dimension. Rural wealth is being reshaped—by borewells, fish ponds, cash crops, and hybrid mangoes. Marriage, too, becomes a negotiation of

labour, land, and long-term security.

The story’s moral strength culminates in Lukhiya’s refusal to accept dowry. Her quiet assertion that she will not “buy” a daughter-in-law safeguards the ethical foundation of her household. When the match is finally confirmed, it is her self-respect—not material display—that gives the decision its true moral weight.

Regret is a quietly reflective story that explores migration, duty, generational distance, and the subtle erosion of inherited values. At its core are Raghunath, his father Shivnath, and his mother Rukmini—a triangle of aspiration, memory, and loss.

Raghunath’s departure for America follows the familiar logic of modern ambition: the pursuit of money, mobility, and a future unburdened by rural limitations. For Shivnath, however, the decision wounds a deeper layer of identity. He comes from a lineage shaped by sacrifice—his father, Devanath, risked his life in the 1942 movement. Freedom, in Shivnath’s eyes, was a collective

achievement rooted in land and community. To watch his son use that same freedom to abandon those very ties becomes a source of unspoken sorrow. The story renders this contrast not through confrontation, but through silence and quiet disappointment.

Rukmini’s pain is more personal. Her son’s absence feels like an unraveling—the slow collapse of years of care, love, and devotion. Her grief echoes the emotional cost borne by countless parents whose children leave not out of defiance, but from necessity.

Raghunath’s long stay abroad becomes a gradual disintegration. A cramped apartment, mechanical labour, and his wife’s deepening loneliness expose the gap between imagined success and lived emptiness. His eventual breakdown and late awakening reveal a buried longing for the very world he once left behind.

The parents’ decision to perform their own shraddha is the story’s most profound moment. It is an act not of bitterness, but of release—an acknowledgment that their lineage, dreams, and traditions are slipping away, and that expectations must yield to reality.

In the end, Regret is less a condemnation of migration than a meditation on what freedom means when progress severs gratitude, belonging, and shared heritage. It suggests that the modern pursuit of success carries a hidden price: the quiet severing of roots, realized only when it is too late to return.

Dr Hemant follows a man's journey from confusion and restlessness to quiet moral awakening, set against the vast, troubled landscape of the Kosi floodplains. At the outset, Hemant is burdened by family disputes, avoidance of responsibility, and a drifting inner life. His first moment of clarity comes when he relinquishes his claim to ancestral property—a gesture that frees him, revealing that the true weight he carried was not loss, but attachment.

His government posting to flood duty, along with a threatening extortion letter, propels him into a reality he has long evaded. The train, rickshaw, and boat journey becomes a symbolic passage from inertia to purpose. His contrast with Dr. Sunil—a colleague whose steady

commitment to public service underscores Hemant’s own disengagement—sharpens this transition. Sunil’s quiet resolve illuminates how far Hemant has strayed from the ideals of his profession.

Crossing the Kosi River marks the story’s emotional and symbolic turning point. Its waters, filled with both death and resilience, reflect the contradictions of the society Hemant is meant to serve. In the devastated villages, he encounters courage, endurance, and an ethic of mutual care that had been absent from his insulated, urban medical practice.

Sulochana becomes the emotional anchor of the narrative. Swept away by the flood and later sheltered by Jiyalal, she embodies innocence shaped by suffering. Her image of worms in sugar and chili offers a piercing metaphor that strips away Hemant’s illusions of moral superiority. Her quiet wisdom forces him to confront the distance between his training and his choices.

By the time Hemant departs from Lachmipur, he realizes that seven days among the flood-stricken have brought him more meaning than years spent treating the

privileged. The story ultimately reflects on duty, healing, and the search for fulfilment in a fractured world. Hemant’s renewal affirms that true service begins not in clinics or cities, but in the willingness to step unshielded into the suffering of others.

Bobby portrays an unlettered village woman who quietly becomes the custodian of her community’s cultural memory. Through her, the story reveals that festivals, especially Chhath, are sustained not by spectacle, but by labour, care, and the shared strength of women whose lives seldom enter written history.

Bobby knows every ritual, every seasonal rhythm, and every obligation woven into the fabric of village life. Her conversations with Sirkhariyawali highlight how the poor mark time not with calendars, but through baskets, clay, and savings painstakingly gathered over the year. Bobby’s calm presence steadies those who fear falling behind, gently reminding them that rituals are meant to sustain, not exhaust.

Rahmat’s mother adds another emotional layer. Her offerings, rooted in a vow made during her son’s illness, show how faith merges with gratitude and remembrance. Bobby immediately recognizes this tenderness and responds with a warmth that affirms the inclusive ethos of rural devotion.

When Sonrewali confesses that she cannot afford baskets, it exposes the silent shame poverty brings to days meant for celebration. Bobby’s quiet assurance that the Sun accepts anything offered with sincerity restores dignity and becomes the story’s moral centre.

Bobby herself carries the unspoken sorrow of the daughter she never had. Yet she transforms this longing into compassion, guiding rituals, settling fears, and ensuring no household is forgotten. In doing so, she becomes the emotional and cultural axis of the village.

Ultimately, the story honours the resilience and quiet authority of women whose labour preserves tradition. Through Bobby, it affirms that culture is not upheld by wealth or temple hierarchy, but by the steady hands and generous hearts of those who hold a community together.

Kamini traces the quiet rebellion of a woman handling a world that praises female virtue while restricting female agency. What begins as a simple domestic story deepens into a critique of shifting social values, the decay of educational ethics, and the fragile position of women within patriarchal marriage.

The opening exchange between the narrator and Bhaiya Kaka frames the ideological tension. Kaka takes pride in marrying off his daughter but dismisses higher education for girls as unnecessary. His views reflect an older belief that women must labour without ambition. The narrator’s gentle disagreement highlights a society caught between tradition and change.

Kamini’s marriage to Lalababu exposes the distortions of modernity. Lalababu uses dowry money to purchase a fraudulent degree, secures a college position, and grows increasingly self-important. Kamini’s quiet dignity stands in sharp contrast to his vanity. When Mrignayani enters their lives, Lalababu’s shallow infatuation reveals the fragile foundations on which women’s security is

built.

Kamini’s turning point is silent but powerful. After overhearing herself being dismissed, she gathers her daughters and leaves without confrontation. Her departure becomes the story’s moral center, showing that dignity often speaks through action rather than accusation.

The kindness of strangers—the old murhi-seller, the women cutting grass—offers Kamini the compassion her own home failed to provide. Their instinctive solidarity affirms a truth the story holds dear: in a society where institutions fail women, other women often become their only refuge.

In the end, Kamini reveals how endurance, integrity, and self-respect allow a woman to reclaim her life, even when society offers her no protection at all.

Translating Glimpses of Rural Life has been more than a

literary task□it has been an immersion into a world where endurance is quiet, dignity is instinctive, and complexity resides in the smallest human gestures. These stories reveal that rural Mithila is not a landscape frozen in time, but a living terrain shaped by memory, labour, devotion, and the unyielding will to rebuild after every upheaval. What may appear outwardly modest carries within it profound emotional depth and moral clarity.

Engaging with these narratives has reminded me that the rural poor are not merely subjects of sympathy. They are thinkers, creators, caregivers, and survivors. They confront drought, flood, migration, corruption, and social inequality with a calm persistence that seldom finds a place in public discourse. Their victories may seem small, yet they are ethically luminous. Their sorrows may be heavy, yet they are borne with a grace that commands respect.

If this translation enables readers to step, even briefly, into the inner lanes and courtyards of Mithila□to feel the cadence of its speech, the weight of its silences, and the hope that flickers through its harshest days□then the labour behind this book finds its purpose. Rural voices often fade unheard in the noise of modern life. Mandal

listened to them with uncommon seriousness. My task has been to ensure that their stories travel further, carrying with them the truth, tenderness, and strength of the lives they represent.

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3.3.World Peace- Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

World Peace



Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story)



Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

World Peace

Returning from school, Adauriya said to his mother- “Ma, tomorrow morning I will go to Guru Uncle’s house.”
The name of Guru Uncle set Aparajita thinking, as she tried to recall who he was.
Sensing her uncertainty, Adauriya asked- “You do not know Guru Uncle?”
Aparajita replied- “I cannot remember just now.”
Adauriya explained- “The one who lives in Uttarwari

Tola.”

At the mention of Uttarwari Tola, Aparajita said- “Now I remembered.”

At that moment, she went to the courtyard trellis, cut a gourd, plucked about two kilos of brinjal, pulled up ten or twelve radishes, removed their roots and leaves, washed them clean, and placed them in a bag.

Early the next morning, after completing his daily chores, Adauriya came to his mother and said- “Ma, I am going to Guru Uncle’s house. I have a question to ask him. If I return late, I will not go to school; if I am back in time, I will attend school as well.”

His mother simply acknowledged his words without adding anything more. When Adauriya was about to leave for Guru Uncle’s house, she said- “Son, there is a gourd, and in the bag there are radish and brinjal. Take them with you and give them to Guru Uncle.”

He hesitated for a moment, slightly puzzled, but his mother repeated gently- “When you go to someone older than yourself to seek guidance or advice, you should take a gift as an offering.”

Until that moment, Adauriya had never truly understood such a gesture, but that morning it became clear. His father Sukhdev’s words came back to him: “Son, in our time, and even before, when teachers did not receive a

salary, the children—the students—would bring them a shanichara, a pice and a quarter kilo of rice.”

Once, Adauriya had asked- “Why give them money and rice?”

Sukhdev had replied- “If you receive knowledge from someone, you must give something in return. When knowledge is taken without any offering, its worth begins to fade.”

Back then he had heard his father’s words without understanding them. But now, seeing his mother’s actions, his father’s meaning returned to him with sudden clarity. Holding the gourd in one hand and slinging the bag with brinjal and radish over his shoulder, Adauriya set out for Guru Uncle’s house.

As soon as Adauriya reached Guru Uncle’s doorway and saw him, he said- “I bow to you, Uncle. I have come to know the answer of a question.”

While lowering his gaze Guru chacha blessed Adauriya, but he noticed the bag slung over Adauriya’s shoulder and the gourd in his hand. His eyes lifted in surprise. It reminded him of an old tradition long observed here: whenever one received knowledge from someone, one would offer a token of respect in return. Even Dronacharya had taken Eklavya’s thumb. Yet, another

thought stirred in his mind—that if, in exchange for giving something, one always received something in return, if one taught only to be paid, then it became a transaction. The gift of knowledge is the highest of all gifts, and its sanctity remains only when it is given freely, without taking anything in return. Otherwise, it turns into an act of buying and selling.

Guru Uncle was still lost in his thoughts when Adauriya entered the courtyard and placed the bag of radishes and brinjal, along with the gourd, on the eastern verandah, saying to Guru Uncle's wife- "Aunty, here is a gourd, and in the bag there are brinjal and radishes. Please keep them."

Hearing this, Sarojini guessed at once that her husband must have sent the boy, so she took them silently without comment.

Returning to the doorway, Adauriya touched Guru Uncle's feet in reverence. Guru Uncle reconised him by his face that the boy was from Southern colony, but he did not know exactly who he was, whose son he might be, or what his name was. Without knowing, he blessed him much as Ramananda Swami had once said to Kabir- "Child, recite Ram-Ram," saying- "Be well, child. May you be blessed."

Inviting Adauriya to sit before him with a gesture, Guru Uncle watched as the boy sat down and said- “Uncle, I have come to ask you the answer to a question.”

Hearing this, Guru Uncle thought to himself that he did not know the boy well, nor his true nature. In such a case, how could he decide what kind of answer would be right for him? The world is what it is, full of both good and bad. If he were to call bad what is good or good what is bad, that too would not be right.

Caught in this uncertainty, Guru Uncle decided it would be better to know the boy before answering his question. So he asked- “Child, what is your name?”

With the tone of a small child answering proudly, Adauriya said- “Uncle, in school my name is Adaurilal. My friends call me Adauri, and my parents call me Adauriya.”

Guru Uncle asked- “Your father’s name?”

Adauriya replied- “Sukhdev.”

The moment Guru Uncle heard the name Sukhdev, he recognised him. Sukhdev from Southern colony was Adauriya’s father. Guru Uncle had once given Sukhdev a cow to tend. As long as the cow remained in milk, Sukhdev kept coming to Guru chacha’s place. When the cow grew old and died, that arrangement came to an

end.

Guru Uncle asked- "What is your question, Adauri?"

Adaurilal said- "Uncle, the day after tomorrow there will be a programme at our school. The Education Minister will also be coming. All the teachers and students of our school will be present. There will be a seminar on the topic of 'World Peace'. The teachers will take part, and some students have also been given five minutes each to speak. I am one of them, and I have come to you for guidance."

Hearing the boy's question, Guru Uncle thought to himself that the greatest scholars of the world have pondered over this subject, and here was a child wishing to speak on it. Yet he reminded himself that even if the universe and the divine are infinite, it does not mean a young mind cannot grasp them in its own measure. In school, in the village, and in the home, children constantly listen to and absorb what their elders and teachers say.

Guru Uncle asked- "Son, which class are you in?"

Adaurilal replied- "I am in the ninth."

On hearing "ninth class," Guru Uncle considered what the boy's level might be. At least he would have heard the seeds of greater thoughts. Hearing is one thing, understanding another. Even if Adaurilal might not yet

fully comprehend the subject, he had at least heard of it. Everyone knows that knowledge is of two kinds. One is verbal, and the other is practical. Verbal knowledge comes first, and when it is put into action, it becomes practical knowledge, which is the truest form of learning. Guru Uncle said- "Son, do you understand the two words 'world' and 'peace'.?"

Adaurilal was a straightforward boy. A child's mind is simple by nature, and he was the son of such parents and such a family where deceit and intrigue had no place. His dealings and thoughts were open and honest with everyone. Deceit and manipulation creep into families where stomachs are always full and business runs on a grand scale.

Adauriya said- "Guru Uncle, Master Sahib told us that everyone will have to speak for five minutes on the topic of world peace, so I have come to you to understand what I should say about it."

Hearing the boy's thought, Guru Uncle reflected that what Adauriya said was indeed correct. As he had heard from his teachers, so he understood, and so he spoke. He could not be expected to grasp that where each individual's life is filled with unrest, bringing peace into the minds of all the world's people is not child's play.

If the hope with which Adaurilal had come were not fulfilled, the boy might leave in disappointment.
Guru Uncle asked- □Adaurilal, who all will be present at the programme?□

Adaurilal replied- □Uncle, the chief guest will be the Honourable Education Minister. All the teachers of the school will be there□eleven in all□along with students from all four classes.□
Hearing this, Guru Uncle thought to himself that five minutes was hardly enough time. It was barely the time taken to sip a cup of tea.
Guru Uncle said- □Adaurilal, any speech begins with a salutation. Then comes the main subject, the matter you have to discuss, and finally you conclude your speech. So first tell me how you will give the salutation.□
Adaurilal said- □Guru Uncle, Master Sahib wrote it on the board and had us all copy it.□
Guru Uncle asked- □What did he write?□
Adaurilal took out the piece of paper from his pocket and began to read: □Respected Honourable Education Minister, Government of Bihar. Respected Principal Sir, respected Ravindra Babu, Khushilal Babu, Kedar Babu, Vimal Babu, Rudrachandra Babu, Singheshwar Babu, and Shubhkant Babu. Along with the present students

and’”

Hearing this list of salutations, Guru Uncle realised at once that nearly four of Adaurilal’s allotted five minutes would be spent just on greetings.

Adding his own suggestion, Guru Uncle said- “Son, add one more line at the end: ‘In today’s world, unrest is the greatest problem of life. Without peace in life, peace in the world cannot be achieved.’”

By the time Adaurilal had finished writing, Guru Uncle felt a quiet relief. Yet his mind told him that on the subject of world peace, he should also speak to Adaurilal directly. He asked again- “Adaurilal, are you done, or do you wish to add more?”

Guru Uncle reflected that Adaurilal was still a child. If he gave him more to write, especially things whose meaning the boy could not understand, the audience might simply conclude that the speech had been copied from a book or dictated by someone else. In that case, a third suspicion might also arise. He decided it would be better to let the written part remain as it was and explain verbally what the world is and what peace is, thus keeping his own conscience clear.

Adaurilal had no real sense of what five minutes meant, how much could be spoken or done in that time. He only felt vaguely that his speech was too short. He said-

“Uncle, please add a little more.”

Seeing the boy’s curiosity, Guru Uncle felt not displeasure but satisfaction. Displeasure would have come only if the boy had been shirking work, which he was not. The eagerness to learn was alive in him, and that gave Guru Uncle contentment. Smiling, he said- “Son, first listen carefully to what I say. Later, if you feel like adding something from your own thoughts, you may add much, as you want.”

This thought arose in Guru Uncle’s mind for two reasons: first, he could meet the measure of the boy’s curiosity without leaving him the impression that his elder had been careless in guiding him; second, the deeper ideas he held within himself were not yet within Adaurilal’s reach. If the boy could not truly grasp them, then how can he prepare more.

Adaurilal asked- “Shall I hear it, Uncle?”

Guru Uncle said- “What do you mean by the word ‘world’? What is the world?”

Adaurilal replied- “The world means the earth and all that is in it.”

Hearing the answer, Guru Uncle smiled inwardly, knowing that the boy was repeating exactly what he had heard from people’s lips and from his books. He had no idea

that the world is the composite of three elements: Brahma, the soul, and Maya. Brahma is the essence of knowledge and bliss; the soul is the essence of life; and Maya is the essence of action and manifestation. Together they form the world.

In the same way, peace has its own nature. When knowledge transforms into trust and grows, peace is born in the human heart. That peace, as it deepens and matures, becomes a state of profound tranquillity.

Guru Uncle said- “Adaurilal, you do not have a watch, but there is one hanging on the wall. Look at it, then read aloud the speech you have written. From that you will know whether it fills five minutes or not.”

Hearing this, Adaurilal began to read. Being a child, he was not yet skilled at reading smoothly, and that too added to the time. By the time he finished his prepared text, the five minutes had been completely filled.


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